

Children's Newspaper

Evil Cannot Go On
See My Magazine for November

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Weekly Companion of the Best-loved Magazine in the World

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EGGS TEN MILLION YEARS OLD

See
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Two

HEROES DOWN BELOW

COURAGE & ADVENTURE IN A MINE DISASTER

**Father's Telephone Talk to His
Doomed Boy**

THE PRICE MEN PAY FOR OUR FIRESIDE

The saddest, and at the same time the proudest, of all the occurrences in modern industrial life are the mining disasters that seem inevitably to recur from time to time in Great Britain.

A few weeks ago it was Maltby, in South Yorkshire, that was horrified and thrilled by the loss by fire of brave men and the heroic efforts of their comrades in attempting a rescue. And next from Falkirk, in Scotland, came a similar unlooked-for calamity by flood, with a repetition of the heroism that is never lacking among the men whose working life is passed in the presence of danger.

Perils Lurking Underground

In each of these cases it was not in the ordinary course of mining that the calamity occurred. It was no fall of the roof or explosion at the face of the coal seam that took its toll of life. At Maltby it was the attempt to block out the air from a smouldering coal fire that led to the accident. At the Redding Colliery, near Falkirk, it was an outburst of pent-up waters from a disused pit that drowned two-thirds of the men working in a newer pit at a lower level.

In one case, we see, they were trying to shut up a fire; in the other case the trouble came from sealed-up waters. Such are the things that happen down below the earth; such are the penalties of working in shallow, tunnelled roadways, artificially supplied with pure air, that the wheels of modern power may be kept turning.

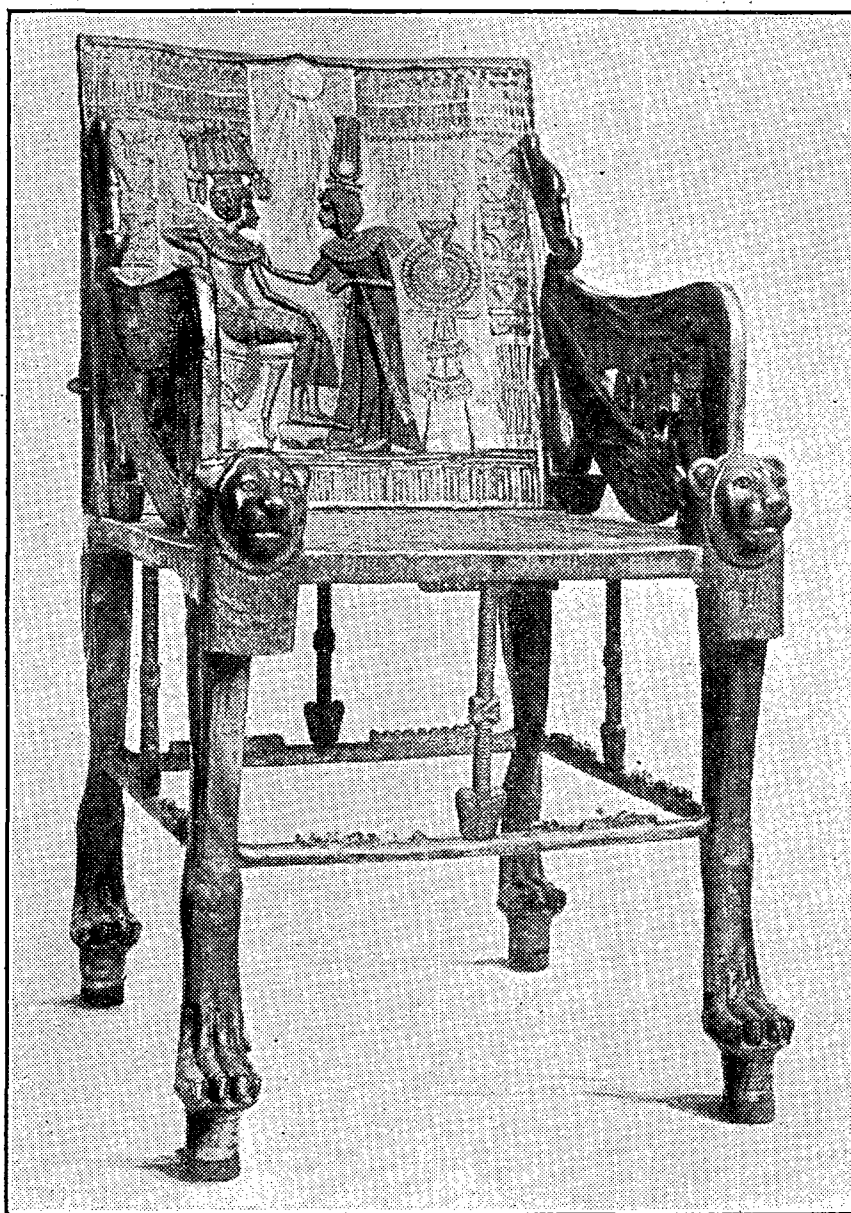
Sudden Inrush of Waters

The Falkirk disaster was entirely unexpected. No one thought that waters stored naturally at a higher level could burst their bounds and carry death through the flooded roadways far below. But so it happened, suddenly, irresistibly, and fatally.

Among the ever-varied records of colliery accidents none has ever surpassed in dramatic details this of the Falkirk flood. A group of men had finished their work and were about to ascend the shaft when they felt that something strange was happening in the workings, and they brought their fears to the surface. Instantly a rescue party was organised. One of the party went to the office telephone and spoke into the mine, where there was a communicating wire. It was his own son who answered the call, and related what had happened.

"Dad," he said, "there is a rush of water, and I am afraid we have been caught. The water is up to my waist,

Tutankhamen's Glorious Throne



This is the wonderful coronation throne that was found in the tomb of Tutankhamen, and has now been cleaned so as to appear almost as it was in the days of its glory. It is covered with sheet gold, and is beautifully inlaid with coloured glass and rare stones. The figures at the back of the chair are those of Tutankhamen and his queen

The Times world copyright photograph by Mr. Harry Burton

and is rising fast. Several of the men have already been drowned."

Then the agonised father hastily gave instructions which, he thought, might show a way to safety. But the talking on the telephone ceased, and the boy below was doomed, for the waters sealed up every avenue of escape.

The twenty-one who did escape had as strange adventures as had ever happened to men fleeing for their lives in the underground world. They rushed through the waters that rose to their waists and finally to their necks, as they followed an old miner who thought he could take them to an old working at a higher level.

The road had fallen in at places, and they had to use their tools to force a way through and break down a brick wall; but they reached the higher level, and, following what had been a working road, crawled through a culvert two

feet wide, and reached the bottom of an old shaft half a mile away from the shaft now in use.

A rescue party above had also thought that the old shaft might be descended with a bucket and windlass, and were arranging that means of approach when they heard shouts from below; and one by one the party, led by the old miner, whose name was Kirkwood, were drawn up to life and safety.

As the rescued party had made their way to the higher workings they had called on the others to follow, and finally one of them, John Forrester, went back to rescue more. But he never returned: doubtless he paid for his heroism with his life, a victim of the poisonous air that came along as the rising waters closed up the mine.

It is such scenes as these that make the thought of the mine and its heroisms one of mingled sadness and pride.

HATS OFF TO MR. POTTS

WHAT HE SAW FROM HIS WINDOW

**And What He Did from His
Big Heart**

THE HOSPITAL TAXI

Smithfield is one of the historic places in London to which many Americans make their way, guide-book in hand, just as they go to the Tower of London or Stratford-on-Avon. But it is a very unattractive place, and the immense business of the great meat market makes it a scene of noise and bustle.

You have to live there, like Mr. G. W. Potts, who has a business in the neighbourhood, to know Smithfield. This kindly merchant, who would have delighted Charles Dickens, knows that many children pass through Smithfield on their way to the great hospital of St. Bartholomew.

A Visit to the Hospital

While the Americans are looking for the site where martyrs were burned, or at the place where the Great Fire came to a stop, kind-hearted Mr. Potts sees from his window those children going into the hospital, and sees them coming out again, some of them bandaged, and most of them tearful. He saw this sight one day very sharply and vividly.

A happy thought came to the Smithfield merchant. He went over to the hospital and offered the authorities a yearly present of £500 on only one condition. The whole of the £500 was to be spent every year in hiring taxi-cabs to send those little frightened and wounded children back to their homes. The authorities gratefully accepted this offer, and now it is calculated that every week of the year between thirty and forty children will drive comfortably home from the hospital in a cab, say 1800 children a year. (Dear Taxi-man, please do not trouble about the tips for these little rides.)

Making People Happy

It is worth while looking out of a window even in dismal and noisy Smithfield if it brings one such a splendid opportunity of making many scores of people happy.

The C.N. takes off its hat to Mr. Potts. More: we should like to join in the blessing which all these suffering London children will call down on his head. May he prosper in all that gives peace of heart! Such men as he draw the nation closer together and help to destroy the modern madness of class hatred which so many mistaken and thoughtless folk are building up.

RHODESIA'S NEW CAREER

Good wishes will go out from the Motherland to Southern Rhodesia, which this month has begun its career as a self-governing State within the Empire. May it grow in real wealth and happiness.

THE TRAIL OF WAR WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN GERMANY?

Dark Future Before the Once
Proud Empire

THE DICTATORS

By Our Political Correspondent

The trail of war is weary and long, and Germany, five years after the Armistice, is paying the bitter price. Nobody can say from day to day what may happen in that war-stricken land once so proud.

Germany has found it necessary to change her method of dealing with France. She has been ordering her people in the Ruhr Valley, the part of the country occupied by French troops, not to work; but that has put on her the duty of providing them with a living, and, as she cannot afford the expense, she has withdrawn her orders not to work, and has said she will pay France.

The Separate States

But how much that payment is has not been fixed, nor how it will be paid. Neither is it clear whether the German people in the occupied country will agree to work, nor how the work will be organised and managed there.

The practical side of the change is therefore still unsettled, and the future remains dark. France is hoping that Great Britain will take a share in re-starting German industry in the Ruhr district, though the British Government has disagreed with French action there.

Meantime the German people are divided and anxious about the internal government of their country everywhere. There is danger of difference of opinion leading to civil war; and there also is danger that some of the separate States of which Germany as a whole is composed may break away from the Republic, and set up on their own account as independent countries.

Is Germany Breaking Up?

Bavaria, a State with 7,000,000 people, has taken action that may lead in this direction. She has appointed a Dictator, Herr von Kahr, whose proclamations are to have the full force of law. The German Government has met this action by appointing Herr Gessler as Dictator over all Germany, and he has placed the whole country under the military rule of seven generals, one of whom, Von Lessow, is appointed to control Bavaria.

Will Von Kahr, Dictator of Bavaria, acknowledge in Munich, its capital, the superior dictatorship of Herr Gessler, acting in Berlin for all Germany? Will he allow order in Bavaria to be controlled by General von Lessow, appointed from Berlin? In other words, is Bavaria claiming independence?

If that were so, new complications would follow, for the Allies in claiming war damages from Germany might have to deal with separate German States instead of with Germany as a whole, and confusion and delay would follow.

Agree With Thine Adversary

All this doubt and difficulty arises in the first place from the failure of the Allies to compel the Germans to pay justly for the war they made, and from the failure of the French and Germans to meet each other openly and fairly, and to settle their differences by such an agreement as must come at last if any settlement is ever to be reached.

Such an agreement was proposed long ago by Great Britain; but it has not been regarded as a basis even for discussion by France, and so comes a highly dangerous situation, profiting nobody and harming everybody, and making the future more and more confused. Yet it is more and more clear that practical definite proposals such as Great Britain has suggested will have to come in the end.

"Agree with thine adversary quickly whiles thou art in the way with him" is still sound advice, as sound today for the nations of Europe as for those to whom it was given long ago in Galilee.

TEN-MILLION-YEAR- OLD EGGS

ASTONISHING FIND IN
MONGOLIA

Skeletons of the Ancient Lords
of the Earth

THE TERRIBLE LIZARD

The dinosaur, the terrible lizard, was the ancient lord of the Earth, eighty feet long, and with colossal bulk.

The titanic skeletons of these creatures have been found in various parts of the world, and a scientific expedition from the American Museum of Natural History has once more been seeking their remains, this time in Mongolia. The expedition has met with startling success, for twelve complete skeletons and 70 skulls have been found, and there is something more wonderful still.

For the expedition has had the astonishingly good fortune to find 25 eggs of dinosaurs. Of course they are fossilised, the shells covered with a limy, buff-coloured coating. The eggs are five or six inches long, and were found in three separate nests, which the mother dinosaurs had made possibly millions of years ago.

Long Before Man Lived

It is perhaps pardonable that the great discovery is stated by the finders to be the most sensational in the history of palaeontology, for it is certainly a very great discovery to find eggs which, if only they could be hatched, would produce the terrible lizards which became extinct long before man was on the Earth. They will be, no doubt, the first such eggs to be found and are estimated to be ten million years old.

The story recalls the discovery in England of the first ichthyosaurus, the frightful fish lizard, 30 feet long, with appalling jaws and teeth, in the rocks of the shore at Lyme Regis. Mary Ann Anning, a schoolgirl, was the Columbus of these fossil furies. She collected them as rain and storm and frost gradually laid bare their remains by the sea. Ten long years she gave to piecing together the fragments of a single plesiosaurus.

And then Dean Buckland worked out the story. He could explain where Mary Ann could not. He reassembled the fragments which millions of years of disintegration had sundered. He found in skeletons the very food the monsters had eaten long before warm-blooded creatures trod the Earth. There were undigested fish turned to fossils in the petrified stomachs; there were remains of octopuses, and even stains caused by the ink which these creatures carry for defence against enemies.

Beginning of a Great Trade

Writing of his discoveries, Dr. Buckland said: "When we see the body of an ichthyosaurus still containing the food it had eaten just before its death, and its ribs still surrounding the remains of food swallowed 10,000 years ago—or more than 10,000 times 10,000 years ago—all these vast intervals seem annihilated, and we are brought into contact with events of immeasurably distant periods as with the affairs of yesterday."

The Dean found those old bones and old fish meals full of nitrogenous products. He had them ground up and applied to the soil, and from that beginning resulted the trade in artificial fertilisers which keep civilised lands in cultivation today.

So Lyme Regis with its fish lizards links us with Mongolia with its dinosaurs and their eggs: all were of the same nightmare era of this Earth's history.

FIRTH OF FORTH SWUM

The Firth of Forth, nine miles of very strong currents, has been swum by W. E. Barnie, a Portobello swimmer, who, curiously, did not set out to swim it, but only to pace another swimmer, William Annal, who was making the attempt. Captain Webb, the first to swim the Channel, failed at the Forth.

A FALLING STONE CAR HURLED INTO A DITCH

Astonishing Sight that Amazed
Sir John Franklin

THE PISTOL SHOT WHICH
MOVED AN ICEBERG

An experience of a motor driver on the mountain road leading to Neath points to new perils.

The vehicle, a motor lorry, caused just enough vibration to disturb a boulder which had been loosened by rain. Down pitched the great stone, straight on to the lorry, knocking the steering-gear out of the driver's hands and hurling the car into a ditch.

Those of us who have sat at the foot of Welsh and other hills down which the nimble feet of mountain sheep cause pebbles and larger stones to descend like hail, must realise that, with the increase of motor traffic all over our mountain districts, dangers of this sort are bound to multiply.

But the incident will suggest to Arctic explorers perils of a much more dramatic kind. As small a shock as is required to send a mountain boulder thundering into a valley will at times convert a glacier into an iceberg.

On one of Sir John Franklin's first ventures into the Arctic his ship put into Magdalena Bay, where rested the feet of several magnificent glaciers.

From one of the boats a musket shot was fired at a bird. Like a magnified echo came an instantaneous roar from the coast, and down, with an appalling crash, came a terrific fragment of one of the glaciers, dislodged by that tiny shock transmitted through the air.

400,000 Tons of Ice

The men in the boat sat watching and listening with awe, but they deemed themselves safe. Suddenly there was a mighty commotion in the water where the ice had fallen, and the boat was caught up by a single wave and thrown 66 feet, crash on to the shore. Not until the little craft had been repaired could the frightened sailors row to the ship.

But that was not the end, for a day or two later, when Franklin himself and some others were approaching one of these stupendous walls of ice, something unexplained happened, and there was a still more terrifying crash and plunge.

The portion detached this time from the glacier measured nearly a quarter of a mile in length, and towered 60 feet into the air. Skilled men worked out the sum of the ice contained in the new-born iceberg, and it must have weighed over 400,000 tons. A pistol shot will bring down a terror such as that.

THE EMPIRE MEETS

Greatest Governing Unity on
the Earth

A feeling of deep satisfaction will pervade the minds of millions of the people of the British Empire that this month the Prime Ministers of the Empire are meeting in London to confer about questions that affect us all.

Such consultations have not been sufficiently frequent in the past, and the effect is certain to be a closer sense of union between States whose most vital interests are closely intertwined.

The Prime Ministers, who are the chief delegates to the conference, are: Canada, Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King; Australia, Mr. S. M. Bruce; Irish Free State, President Cosgrave; South Africa, General Smuts; New Zealand, Mr. W. F. Massey; Newfoundland, Mr. W. R. Warren. India is represented by Viscount Peel; the Colonies by the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. W. Ormsby Gore.

With confidence and sincerity as the chief aim, and no talk to the gallery, this great conference should have lasting effects in consolidating the British Commonwealth of nations, the greatest governing unity on the Earth today.

GREENLEAF THEATRE AN OLD PRIORY HAS A NEW DAY

The People's Songs of the
Time of Long Ago

OUR SPLENDID HERITAGE

By Our Music Correspondent

Like a bit of last century come back was a little scene at Christchurch Priory last month.

On a beautiful sunlit afternoon more than a hundred years ago a little group of fishermen, busy mending their nets in one of the villages round Christchurch, could be heard singing a quaint song, old even then, for it had been sung by their fathers, who had learned it from their fathers:

William Taylor was a brisk young sailor,
He who courted a lady fair;
Bells were ringing, sailors singing,
As to church they did repair.

The song proceeds to tell the story of how, instead of being married, William fell a prey to the press-gang seeking men for the king's ships of war; how he married another lady in a distant port, how his first love sought him, and, having found him, shot him; and then come the quaint lines:

If young folk in Wells or London
Were served the same as she served he,
Then young girls would all be undone,
Very scarce young men would be.

Their nets stowed away, and the song ended, the fishermen rowed up the river, hearing in the distance the children singing other songs that they, too, had learned from the old folk gone.

The Days of Jolly Tunes

Everybody sang in those days, and what jolly tunes they were! Full of vigorous rhythm; melodious tunes that could stand on their own legs, and needed no accompaniment to bolster them up. Thoroughly English tunes, too, made up and composed by English folk as they worked or played, handed down from father to son generation after generation. They are our old English folk songs, and rich we are in them, though twenty years ago we thought we had no folk music!

Yet we have a store of these old melodies which cannot be excelled by any other race; and one day last month the ancient walls of Christchurch Priory, after a gap of at least a hundred years, were heard echoing again with those same melodies which the fishermen heard and the children sang by the river a hundred years ago.

The ideal thing to do with folk songs is to sing them yourself; the next best thing is to hear and see them rendered as they have been rendered this summer by Maxwell Arnfield's players of the Greenleaf Theatre in Old Christchurch Priory Grounds. The Greenleaf Theatre—how it beats all the great theatres of the city!

The Great Change

A great change has come over music in England in twenty-five years. We have advanced by leaps and bounds, and the standard is probably higher today than it has been since the days of Queen Elizabeth. There are many reasons for this, but chiefly it is that we have rediscovered our own national music; we are shaking off undue foreign influence, and so we have growing up with us a school of brilliant British composers who are basing their work on a really English foundation.

Also there is a growing number of people who wish to hear good English music. Happily we have hundreds of fine English folk songs. Your great-grandfather could probably sing from memory at least fifty. How many do you know?

LIONS COME TO TOWN

CREEPING UP TO NAIROBI
A Lion's Bite and Some Queer Things About It

AFTER MANY YEARS

We hear much of Kenya's political problems, but, absorbing as they are, they prove less enthralling than our dealings with the oldest inhabitants, the lions.

The latest cable shows that the lions are as audacious now as when two of them preyed for nine months on the men by whom the Uganda Railway was built. Those two set at nought the might of the British Empire by causing a complete stoppage of work for three weeks, owing to the fear to which the native labourers were reduced as one after another disappeared at night to furnish a lion's banquet.

Now we are told that two of the animals raided a suburb of Nairobi, the capital, killed and partly ate two oxen during the night, and were seen finishing their breakfast off a third!

Quiet as Mice

From this it might be inferred that two lions require three oxen for a meal, but these animals kill as unsparingly as a fox in a poultry run. They will fell two or three animals, take a few bites from each in turn, continue killing, and settle down to feed on the last.

If unmolested, they will return in time to the earlier kills, for they eat carrion as noisome as that which vulture and jackal love. Yet, though they will attack any number of men to escape capture or injury, when they creep into an enclosure where many men lie they are as quiet as cats after mice.

They will take one man and leave a second, and only the cries of the victim tell the tale. But one lion which sought a man and was foiled, killed three donkeys in succession on its way out, and carried away the third.

Clearly lions recognise that men must be treated differently from animals. They fear us even when emboldened to steal in and snatch one of our number from our midst; yet are contemptuous of our beasts.

Livingstone and the Lion

The effects of a bite on the flesh of men and of animals are similar. Mr. Roosevelt, when hunting in Africa, was astonished to find both horses and men suffering from wounds which had been inflicted by lions long before, wounds which had broken open after being apparently cured; and, years before, Livingstone had raised this point. A lion that bit him bit through a thick tartan coat he was wearing, inflicted wounds like poisoned shot-holes in his flesh, and maimed his arm for life, but produced none of the recurrent results from which men commonly suffer.

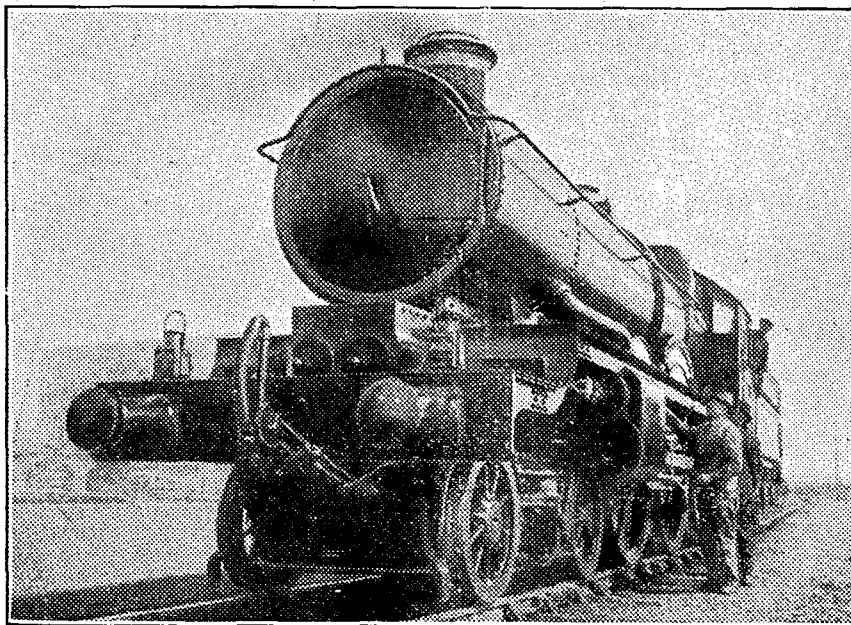
He thought this was due to the cloth of his jacket having wiped the poison from the lion's teeth before they penetrated his flesh; but one of his men, bitten by the same lion, experienced an outbreak of his wound a year afterwards.

Bacilli in the Blood

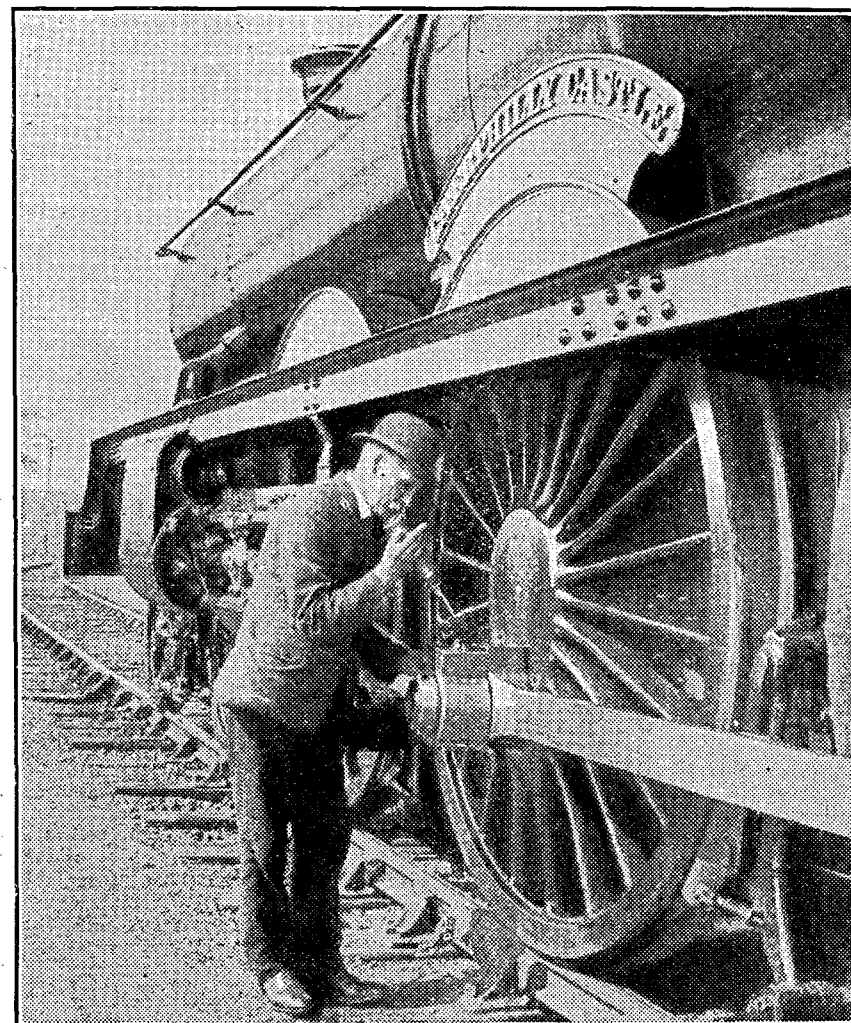
We hear of rhythm in Nature, and there seems to be some evidence of it in the bacilli which a lion's jaws convey into the blood. In olden times our ancestors, when wounded in battle, used always to be bled on the anniversary of their injury, in the belief that Nature demanded such relief. Of course it was all nonsense, and the practice has long been abandoned.

But there seems to be something in the idea of recurrent trouble when a lion's teeth encrusted with evil microbes produce the injury, and it will possibly be found some day that the virus from a lion's bite has its life-cycle in the blood, like the bacilli of malaria and other tropical diseases, and causes new outbreaks in the flesh when its tide is at the flood!

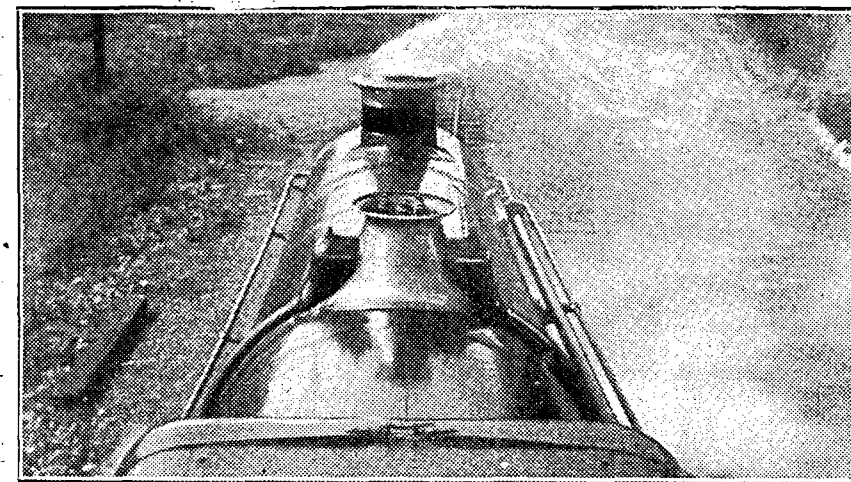
THE BIGGEST ENGINE IN ENGLAND



The Caerphilly Castle ready for a run



The inspector oils the engine before it starts



The engine on its journey

The Caerphilly Castle, shown in these pictures, has just been put into service on the Great Western Railway, and is the most powerful passenger locomotive in Great Britain. It weighs nearly 120 tons, and is the first of ten engines to be known as the Castle Class

THE GREAT STAR MAP

ALL THE WORLD MAKING A CHART OF THE HEAVENS

Marking the Positions of Millions of Stars

FINE WORK OF THE BRITISH ASTRONOMERS

The completion of the Great Star Map now being made all over the world will give us a complete chart of the heavens. England has now nearly finished its part of it.

It is the most gigantic task in photography that has ever been conceived, and as no nation could possibly do it alone the work has had to be divided among 18 observatories. The countries taking part in it include Britain, Australia, South Africa, the United States, Germany, Italy, France, Spain, Finland, Brazil, Argentina, Mexico, and Chile.

To photograph the whole world would be a big task, but this is the photographing of boundless space with many millions of worlds. Already the work has been going on nearly 36 years, and it will probably be many years before it is finished. Great Britain alone among the countries concerned has completed her share of the work.

Classes of Stars

In 1887 a conference of astronomers representing 19 countries met in Paris, and decided that the Great Star Map should be made by photography, the work to be divided up among the leading observatories. Each was to map a specified part of the sky, and in order that there might be uniformity in the results, it was necessary to decide upon the type of telescope to be used. This, it was finally agreed, should be a simple refractor.

Stars are divided into classes according to their brightness, and these classes are called magnitudes. It was decided to give such a photographic exposure as would record stars as faint as the fourteenth magnitude.

Exposing 22,000 Plates

The exposure decided on for this was 15 minutes, but other plates were also to be taken giving exposures of six minutes, and one hour divided into three exposures of twenty minutes. Altogether over 22,000 plates were to be used by the different observatories.

So far as Great Britain is concerned, Oxford and Greenwich observatories have been doing the work, and they have now practically completed their part of it. Altogether 1180 photographs were taken at Oxford, and 398,600 stars were recorded. The counting of these on the plates was a tedious and difficult job, but it was done successfully by means of small hand billiard-markers. The plate is passed under review in a microscope with one hand while the other hand clicks the marker, the operator not even removing his eye from the microscope.

Astronomer & His Billiard-marker

One of the astronomers in his younger days had played billiards—evidence of a misspent youth, as Professor Turner jocularly remarked—and he remembered the little marker he had used. It proved as efficient in astronomy as in billiards, and so billiard-markers were sent all over the world to observatories where no billiard table existed.

The 22,154 plates of the Great Star Map weigh three tons, and the chart reproductions on paper, when completed, will weigh two tons. The cost of the map will be very great. Oxford, which did most of its work before the war, spent over £20,000, and costs now are much higher.

Already one result of studying the charts that are finished has been that the total number of stars in the heavens has been calculated at from 1000 to 1500 million.

THE CRANES IN THE CRATE

WHAT THE LABEL MEANT

An Arrival at the Docks and Some Bird's-Eye Views

A TORTOISE STORY

By Our Natural Historian

Over the crate which contained a consignment of cranes landed at the docks in London, the other day, there appeared this friendly warning: "These cranes peck; look out for eyes."

The caution was found to be necessary, for as one approached the birds they shot out their beaks with sudden stabs which might have blinded a victim.

We are not to think ill of cranes for this, but a student may ponder the habit many birds possess of attacking the eyes of any living creature to which their attention may be attracted.

A vulture makes first for the eyes; so does a raven when it is about to end the life of a stricken sheep or deer.

Sir Douglas Mawson, when he landed on Macquarie Island on his way to the Antarctic, found that it was his eyes that the vicious skuas attacked, striking at them with the tips of their huge wings.

The Canary and the Tortoise

Birds in an aviary, when in a temper, peck at one another's eyes. In one such home for birds a curious tragedy happened. A powerful tortoise used to winter with the birds, and, the place being warmed, he did not take his winter-long sleep, but fed and remained awake and active.

But one day it was noticed that one of his eyes had sustained serious damage, and no one could account for it. The mystery was unexpectedly solved in the presence of an onlooker. A score of birds were down feeding near where old Tom was gravely munching his lettuce. Suddenly a canary hopped over to take shares with him. He tried to take a piece from the reptile's mouth, but, attracted by his beady eye, pecked that instead—a sharp little blow.

The tortoise drew in his head like a flash, but he was hurt, and the injuries to his eyes led shortly to his death, presumably from blood poisoning. He had wintered for two or three years in the same place, but there came this one bird whose curiosity was aroused by the bright little eyes.

Curiosity at Work

It is probably curiosity which attracts many birds to the eye; but with flesh-eaters the lure seems insistent, probably because of the movement and light in the organ. Birds, like reptiles, will take anything small that moves, unless they are afraid of it. Perhaps when they strike they are testing to see what it actually is. They feel and taste by means of their beaks, even when, as in the case of the cormorant and the pelican, they have no tongue.

But the spitting snake, when it ejects its venom, aims for the eye, like the caterpillar gifted with the same hateful skill in marksmanship.

So we must not condemn cranes as vicious when they seek to probe the eye that surveys them. It is curiosity as well as temper. The cock in the fable, which swallowed the diamond, did so simply because the stone was bright; but he would rather have had one honest barley corn than all the diamonds in the world.

GALLERY OF ROGUES

Farmers, Beware

A strange Rogues' Gallery is being started by the United States Department of Agriculture.

It is for the benefit of fruit-growers, market gardeners, and farmers, and the criminals whose photographs and descriptions are broadcasted are dangerous insects and parasites. The farmers are thus enabled to keep on their guard.

AMERICA ASKS FOR AN ENGLISHMAN

SHOULD SHE HAVE HIS ASHES?

What General Oglethorpe Did for Georgia

PROUD MEMORY OF AN ESSEX VILLAGE

A difficult question, though highly honourable to both countries, has arisen between England and America.

The State of Georgia asks that the body of General James Edward Oglethorpe, now interred in Cranham Church, Essex, should be removed from there and, as a sign of the kinship between the two countries, be buried in a special mausoleum at Atlanta, in Georgia, the State which the general founded.

The village of Cranham, which the general inherited through his wife, the lady of Cranham Hall, and where he and she were buried together, does not see why the general, whom it regards with pride, should be removed to America.

A Great Englishman

General Oglethorpe was essentially a great Englishman. He was born in London. He only spent thirteen years, on and off, in America. Afterwards he lived about thirty-three years in England.

But he was also responsible for the founding of one of the American States, a State most closely in sympathy with England and English ideals; and he defended it through its earliest years almost alone. It is natural that the State of Georgia should therefore regard him as a man to be accorded the greatest honours it can bestow.

If England sends General Oglethorpe to America the transfer should be made frankly, with generosity of feeling, to illustrate—as, indeed, is much needed—the ties that bind the two great English-speaking commonwealths together.

Planning a New Colony

The request from Georgia, whatever else comes of it, has had the excellent effect of reviving remembrance of a fine historical character.

In early life Oglethorpe won distinction in Europe as an English soldier. He was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and the tower of his mausoleum in Georgia would be a replica of the tower of his Oxford college.

He was a man of strong views, great energy, ardent philanthropy, and independent character, but difficult to work with. He did things other men could not do, but he must be allowed to do them in his own way.

He felt deeply the disgrace of English prison life for men in debt, and the poverty into which men of a fine type were often flung by misfortune and by religious persecution. To help these sufferers Oglethorpe planned a new colony. Sympathisers joined him in the effort. Parliament voted financial aid. The general personally superintended the first settlement, and afterwards defended the colony with fine skill against attacks by the Spaniards.

Friend of John Wesley

Among his helpers in Georgia were John Wesley, Charles Wesley, and George Whitefield, but all of them were men of too strongly marked character to work smoothly with his dominating impetuosity. The Government at home gave him very slack support and allowed him to ruin himself with the expense of their work; but marriage with an heiress overcame that difficulty.

While he was in England collecting troops for the defence of Georgia the Jacobite insurrection of 1745 broke out, and Oglethorpe was ordered to use his men against the Stuart invasion. His family had always been supporters of the Stuart claim to the Crown, and Oglethorpe was court-martialled for lack of energy in pursuing the Jacobite fugitives, but was found not guilty.

For thirty-two years the general sat in

BIGGEST ENGINE DOOMED

Steam Giant Gives Way to Electricity

SAVING A MOUNTAIN OF COAL

The all-electric age is indeed approaching when the world's monster steam engines have to retire defeated.

What is said to be the greatest electrification contract in history has just been made by one of America's greatest railways for the electrification of 213 miles of its lines over the Alleghany Mountains.

The Virginian Railway, a great coal carrier, has been struggling for years with these heavy grades, and has now finally turned to "white coal" to solve its problems. Time after time they have

The Great Money Mystery

WHAT is wrong with money?

Why is everybody talking about it? Why is all the world suffering because of some great mystery about money?

If we take up any newspaper now we are sure to see a headline about the franc or the mark, one falling to eighty in the pound, the other to millions in the pound. And we are told that our business men everywhere are finding the greatest difficulty in trading with other nations because of money troubles. What is it all about?

WHAT has happened to the money of the world?

The new number of the C.N. monthly, My Magazine, which will be on the bookstalls next Monday, tells us what is behind the franc, the sovereign, and the mark.

increased the size of their locomotives till they are now operating by far the largest engines in the world, with their twenty driving-wheels and four cylinders. But even when using three of these monsters at once their combined horsepower only totalled 7000, and they could only haul trains of 5500 tons over the grades.

The electric locomotives will be of 6000 horse-power, and their use on this one railway will bring about an annual saving of 200,000 tons of coal. The engines will all draw their power from a common source, a 65,000 horse-power generating station built midway along the line.

Continued from the previous column

the English Parliament as member for Haslemere, in Surrey, and showed a marked independence of judgment which won him the respect and friendship of the best men of his time—the circle of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Burke.

Thirteen years before his death in 1785 Georgia had become a Crown Colony, so that Oglethorpe ceased to be responsible for it. His chief achievements are his founding of the colony on the lines of selected emigrants of good character, without the use of slavery, and his successful defence of it in its earlier stages. But what he did he did as an Englishman with his home in the Mother Country. He was, however, sufficiently in sympathy with the Colonies to decline a command in the army sent to repress the American rebellion.

This is the man America asks from England; but it is not easy to content-plate the removal from our English villages of that rich heritage which Time has given to us.

ONE OF OUR NOBLEST MEN

NEW LIFE OF LORD SHAFTESBURY

The Stirring Story Everyone Should Know

A FINE TALE FINELY TOLD

Lord Shaftesbury, by J.-L. and Barbara Hammond. (Constable. 12s.)

In this volume two notable writers of our time have given us a notable life of one of the noblest of Englishmen.

Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, thoughtful and clever writers on social history, tell the story of Lord Shaftesbury's work with deep interest and impressiveness.

They picture terrible features of our country's past that should never be forgotten, and give us a glowing vision of a man who lived to arouse human pity till the country was shamed out of some of its inhumanity.

The Juggernaut

When Lord Shaftesbury began his career as a reformer, the way of getting work done, which is now called Industrialism, was a hideous juggernaut, a blood-stained idol which ground the bones of men, women, and children to heap up what was called wealth, in utter neglect of the wealth comprised in the manhood of the nation.

Against the disregard of cruelty, whatever form cruelty might take, whether as overwork in its many aspects, or unhealthy conditions in factory or home, Lord Shaftesbury was a consistent agitator in Parliament, and he lived to see women and children excluded from the coal mines and reasonable hours of work adopted in factories.

No one can imagine the reality of the evils that were checked by these reforms until they read a book like this. The monstrous cruelties allowed and defended seem incredible today, but they were grim realities then, and Lord Shaftesbury, more than any man, was the leader of the nineteenth century movements for driving cruelty out of the industrial field.

A Foe to Cruelty

What Lord Shaftesbury was through life he was made when he was quite a small boy. He was born an aristocrat, and he remained an aristocrat to the end. Though throughout his public career he was engaged in a struggle with the conservative instincts of the English race, in business, in the House of Commons, and especially in the House of Lords, he was himself in the highest degree conservative. It was only where cruelty brought suffering to mankind that he revolted, and demanded that changes should be made. Otherwise he was a Tory of the Tories.

He did not believe in the mass of the people having votes, or governing themselves, but he believed they should be treated with kindness, just as today most of us revolt against all unkindness to the lower orders of creation, our faithful animal friends.

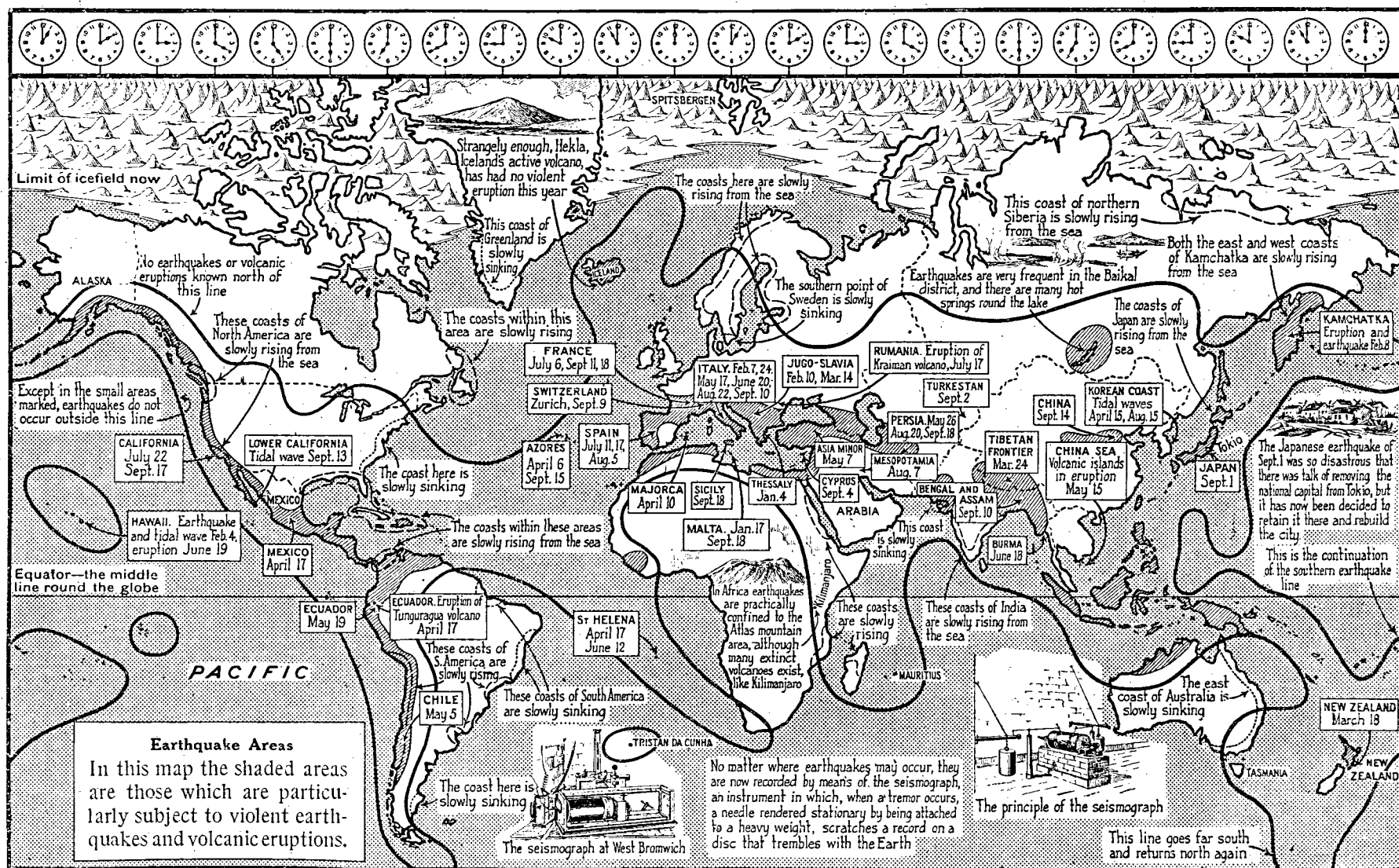
A Fighter for Kindness

This instinct for kindness came to Shaftesbury because as a boy he was treated with great unkindness and driven in on himself, till out of his own thoughts he evolved a law of kindness which he served all his days.

His only consolation in boyhood was a motherly servant in his father's house, and she taught him a narrow but intense religion to which he clung through life. Self-contained, solitary, often disappointed with life, he held on to the end, bristling with wrong and narrow views, but fighting the battle of kindness.

This book contains the story, finely told, of all the cruelties this good man grimly fought, and the worst part, most honourable to Lord Shaftesbury, is his rescue of little children from long hours of work which made their lives a misery. If anyone doubts whether the world has improved, this is the book to read.

PICTURE MAP OF THE WORLD SHOWING ALL THIS YEAR'S EARTHQUAKES



BLOWING UP AN ICEBERG

Removing a Great Danger to Shipping

An iceberg which threatened to sink the ships that cross the Atlantic has been blown up.

The explosion was the first success of the U.S. Coastguard Service, which is keeping an eye on these dangerous bergs this year to see that none of them repeats the awful disaster of the Titanic.

Such an iceberg is as dangerous as a floating mine. This one was smashed by a mine—two dangerous things cancelling one another.

The iceberg was 350 feet long, big enough to fill St. Paul's Churchyard, and one of its two spires was 170 feet high, as tall as St. Paul's clock-tower. It was drifting south of the Newfoundland banks into the warm waters of the Gulf Stream when it was sighted, making straight for the line of traffic.

The patrol ship sent a boat towing two mines toward it. The mines contained the high explosive T.N.T. They were put down in six feet of water close to the great precipitous face of the berg, which the men could hear snapping and cracking with a sound like rifle-shots above them, while great fissures were spreading in the berg's icy face.

The men sank the mines, drew off, and waited at a safe distance. They could not see much because a fog settled down, but presently they heard crashes like thunder. Next day they saw the berg again. It was smaller, but by no means done for; and it was not till they had attacked it again and again with mines that on the fourth day it broke in half. Then, with an explosion that sent the water a hundred feet into the air, it blew into fragments.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Cabot	Kab-ot
Charlemagne	Shar-le-mahn
Hieroglyphics	Hi-er-o-glif-iks
Nairobi	Na-e-ro-be
Papyrus	Pa-pi-russ
Seattle	Se-at-tel

THE SWEETEST BRITISH SONG-BIRDS

Difficulty of Making a List

A Derbyshire reader, who has never heard the nightingale, gives what he thinks is the order of the birds as sweet songsters. First of ten melodious singers he would put the lark, and then the song thrush, blackbird, missel thrush, robin, wren, Peggy whitethroat, hedge sparrow, linnet, and yellow-hammer.

Of course there can be no arranging of such a list beyond individual taste. We should not include the yellowhammer among the more melodious singing birds, nor should we include the whitethroat; but in some parts of the country the willow wren is called the whitethroat, and it ought to be included. Our list would be the nightingale, blackbird, song thrush, missel thrush, lark, blackcap, willow wren, robin, hedge sparrow, and linnet.

The missel thrush, robin, and hedge sparrow are the more pleasing because they often sing at times when other birds are silent.

WHAT THE WORLD HAS COME TO

Wages and Prices Gone Mad

The very high rate of wages paid to industrial workers in America is considered by the American agricultural population to be out of proportion to the prices obtained for farm products.

Here are some striking examples of the quantity of agricultural produce needed to pay for industrial labour in America.

An American bricklayer's wages for a day absorb a year's receipts from half an acre of agricultural land.

One day's work by a New York painter absorbs the selling price of 23 chickens.

It takes the milk of 14 cows, fed and milked for 24 hours, to pay a plumber's wages for a day.

The price of a hog weighing 175 pounds, and representing eight months' feeding and care, pays a carpenter for only one day's work.

QUEER EVENT IN A CITY FIRE

Cotton Seeds that Sprouted

An instance of seeds germinating and growing under the very strangest circumstances is reported from Philadelphia.

A warehouse in which a large quantity of cotton was stored caught fire, and, as the blaze smouldered for ten days, the combination of the heat from the fire and the continual streams of water from the fire-hoses caused seeds in the burst bales to sprout, and the plants soon attained a height of several inches.

ANYBODY'S COAL

What Lay Under a Street

What is now the chief thoroughfare of Oldhill, in Staffordshire, was once a colliery slack heap.

A new water main has recently been laid down in the street, and as the trench for the main has been sunk the curious sight has been seen of tons of small lumps of coal being picked up in buckets and carried away, after long lying unsuspected under the roadway.

The screening of coal was not as careful in the days of cheap coal as now.

CITY'S WATER FAILS

Alarming Experience in Omaha

The city of Omaha had an alarming experience the other day when the water supply failed owing to the trunk mains caving in.

A fire-hose 3000 feet long was stretched across the bridge from the neighbouring town of Council Bluffs, and this had to provide the principal water supply for Omaha's 200,000 citizens. Hundreds were continually struggling for a place in the line at the end of this hose to fill their buckets, jugs, and so on, and hundreds stood in line all night to get a drink at springs in the parks.

DOGGIE IN THE WELL

How They Got Him Out

A CLEVER BOX TRICK

A remarkable rescue of a dog that was lost in an old well for 16 days has just been made at Blagden Heath, near Weymouth.

A picnic party had been on the heath, and with the picnickers was a wire-haired terrier which disappeared mysteriously, and after more than a fortnight was traced to an old well shaft, 200 feet deep, down which it had fallen.

Its position was located in a curious way. A party had searched everywhere without success, and then the old well, which had hitherto been unknown, was discovered. It was thought that the dog might have fallen down this, though it was too deep for anything to be seen at the bottom.

Lighted candles were therefore procured and lowered down the shaft, and by the aid of a telescope the dog was seen to be lying at the bottom, very ill, but still alive. How it had fallen this distance without being killed was a great mystery.

A supply of bread-and-milk was let down the well, and the dog ate this greedily. It was then decided to rescue the animal.

First of all a wooden box was procured, and a rope fastened to each of the four corners. Then a spring catch was attached to the lid, so that this could be raised or lowered at will by means of another rope. Meat was placed inside the box as an attractive bait for the dog, and a lighted candle was fastened on the outside at each corner.

Then the box was lowered to the bottom of the well. By the light of the candles, and with the aid of the telescope, the dog was seen to go inside the box to the meat, whereupon the lid was closed and the box was drawn up, the dog being taken out alive, but little more than a bag of bones, after its 16 days' fast.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 13 1923

The Great Thing that Springs from the People

The Prime Minister has been talking on the great need of all men and children and nations and papers—Education; and these are some of the things he said which all the world will be better for hearing.

ALL of you have learned, as I have, that education is a process and a thing that is never finished; in this movement we find one more instance in our history of that triumph of voluntary effort from which have sprung all the best things in our country.

You take a movement like the Boy Scouts; it did not originate with the War Office. You take the Salvation Army; it did not come from Canterbury. In the same way this great movement of education did not take its origin in Whitehall. It sprang from the heart of the people.

The great task of this generation is to save democracy, to preserve it, and to inspire it. The ideal of democracy is a very fine one, but no ideals can run of themselves, and if democracy is to be preserved and yield the fruits that those who believe in it would most fain see the only way it can be done is by all individuals equipping themselves to keep the whole mass sweet and true and to preserve in their plenitude and sanity the ideals that inspire them.

We have to remember that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, and, I may add, eternal knowledge, eternal sympathy, and eternal understanding, and it is our duty in this generation to keep the State steady at the point to which we have attained, knowing full well the risks that lie on either hand by slipping back.

Do not let us ever be confused by the advance in material prosperity and material knowledge. Civilisation is a far deeper thing than that, and there is very real danger, in an age when science makes such wonderful advances, that the higher, the more spiritual, the only lasting qualities of civilisation, may be submerged in the lower.

I am a sort of half-educated fellow myself. I worked fairly well at school. I did nothing at the university. I have been trying hard ever since to try to catch it up. There is no joy like learning; the great joy of life is that it is a task which is never done. Go on learning all your life. I am learning now, and I mean to go on learning if I live to be a hundred.

Do not let yourselves be dispirited, but hold fast to what you believe to be true.

Whatever troubles you may have you will feel that you are playing your part in helping to bring your country through one of the most difficult times she has ever had to face, and that you are trying to lay the foundations of a happier and sauer life.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



When?

ONE of our London streets has lately been up for the G.P.O. It is now up for the gas company. We do not know when it will be up for the films.

The Things He Loved

OFTEN the C.N. has mentioned that most charming of writers about birds, W. H. Hudson. He rests in Worthing Cemetery, and a reader there sends us the inscription on his grave, most fit and beautiful.

In Memory of William Henry Hudson, born 4th August, 1841, in Buenos Aires. He loved birds, and green places, and the wind upon the heath, and saw the brightness of the skirts of God.

The Mystery

A FAMOUS doctor was talking to us the other day about tuberculosis, and in the midst of his explanation he used a phrase which seems to us striking and useful. He said, "We cannot analyse Life."

It brings home to us the amazing mystery of all existence. Life is the thing we know best, the thing of which we are most completely conscious, yet nobody has seen it. Doctors cannot analyse Life because it is invisible. They do not heal Life of its ills. They only mend the machines Life uses for its earthly experience.

Sidney's Sister

HERE is a glorious story to set opposite the chronicles of wrong which are so well advertised by grown-up newspapers.

There was once a governess, whose name we may not know, but about whom one fact is certain: she had a heart for pity and subscribed regularly to King Edward's Hospital Fund. Years passed, and the subscription ceased. She had grown old; no one would employ her. How did she live? It is unbearable to think of the hunger and cold and fear and humiliation which must have been her lot. But this terrible time passed, and one day a letter from her reached the offices of the Hospital Fund. She had been receiving the Old Age Pension for a year, and in that time had saved five shillings, which she sent for the hospitals! That was ten years ago, and since then her subscription has never failed.

The Prince of Wales, who is President of the Hospital Fund, has ordered a special letter of thanks to be sent to her. He must be proud to think that his father is the King of such a people. Perhaps he feels that the old woman's action is as fine as many a soldier's deed done in the heat of war. Which of us, living on a meagre pension, at an age when we require more care and comfort than before, would stint ourselves to help the hospitals? Surely this governess of better days has a heart cast in the mould of Sir Philip Sidney's own?

How to Do Things

A correspondent sends this note of two girls and an examination.

Two little girls were entering for an examination, and both knew enough to pass. Joan, who was nervous, said: "I am sure I shall not pass." Daphne said: "I'm sure I shall; I know I shall." "How do you know?" asked Joan. "Because I want to pass," said Daphne.

Daphne passed and Joan failed; and the moral is that if you think of what you are doing and not of yourself, if you really believe you are going to win, you will win. Nothing is impossible until you think it is.

Tip-Cat

A WAR should be stopped, says a reformer, before it begins. Otherwise, like the last one, it goes on after it ends.

MOST of us read more than we think. If we stopped to think about it we should not read so much.



PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW

Why the man who went under said it was all over

A DOCTOR thinks it is possible to live to be 150. But you must grow old to do it.

WHAT is the matter with the girl who cannot keep her friends? Perhaps she cannot afford to.

THERE is no more virtue in being English than in being Scottish. Those who say there is only make a virtue of necessity.

EVERY good speech has, says a teacher, a beginning and an end. It is unfortunate that bad ones also have a beginning.

PEOPLE, we are assured, are never afraid of paying taxes. The fact is they are afraid not to pay them.

Force of Habit

AN odd example comes to us of the way the body works unconsciously every hour we live.

Everybody knows that many of the actions of the human body are independent of the human will. A London shopkeeper was telling a customer—a heavily built man leaning on crutches because he had lost a leg in the war—how he knew that another man, who had lost his left arm, was left-handed.

"Whenever I hand his parcel to him," he said, "his left shoulder comes forward with its empty sleeve."

"Yes," answered the one-legged man, "I can believe that. The other night I had to get up to shut the window because the rain was pelting in; and when it was shut I stepped down on the leg that wasn't there, and fell on my back."

The Silent Man

And What He Thinks

President Coolidge is called the Silent Man. He is said to think more than he talks. For this reason we are glad to give this example of what he thinks, taken from a book which has now been published of his old speeches. These 500 words are from his address of thanks on being elected President of the State Senate of Massachusetts in 1914.

THIS Commonwealth is one. We are all members of one body. The suspension of one man's dividends is the suspension of another man's pay envelope.

Men do not make laws. They do but discover them. Laws must be justified by something more than the will of the majority. They must rest on the eternal foundation of righteousness. The latest, most modern, and nearest perfect system that statesmanship has devised is representative government. Its weakness is the weakness of us imperfect human beings who administer it. Its strength is that even such administration secures to the people more blessings than any other system ever produced.

Have faith in Massachusetts. In some unimportant detail some other States may surpass her, but in the general result there is no place on Earth where the people secure, in a larger measure, the blessings of organised government.

Do the Day's Work

Do the day's work. If it be to protect the rights of the weak, whoever objects, do it. If it be to help a powerful corporation better to serve the people, whatever the opposition, do that. Expect to be called a stand-patter, but don't be a stand-patter. Expect to be called a demagogue, but don't be a demagogue. Don't expect to build up the weak by pulling down the strong. Don't hurry to legislate. Give administration a chance to catch up with legislation.

We need a broader, firmer, deeper faith in the people—a faith that men desire to do right, that the Commonwealth is founded on a righteousness which will endure, a reconstructed faith that the final approval of the people is given not to demagogues, slavishly pandering to their selfishness, merchandising with the clamour of the hour, but to statesmen ministering to their welfare, representing their abiding convictions.

Man to Man

Statutes must appeal to more than material welfare. Wages won't satisfy, be they never so large. Nor houses; nor lands; nor coupons, though they fall thick as the leaves of autumn. Man has a spiritual nature. Touch it, and it must respond as the magnet responds to the Pole.

To that, not to selfishness, let the laws of the Commonwealth appeal. Recognise the immortal worth and dignity of man. Let the law of Massachusetts proclaim to her humblest citizen, performing the most menial task, the recognition of his manhood, the recognition that all men are peers, the humblest with the most exalted, the recognition that all work is glorified.

Such is the path to equality before the law. Such is the foundation of liberty under the law. Such is the sublime revelation of man's relation to man—Democracy.

For Every Fate

Here's a tear for those who love me,
And a smile for those who hate,
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate. BYRON

AN OLD FABLE EXPLODES THE DREAM THAT LURED MEN TO AMERICA What the Famous Seven Cities of Paradise Really Were LEGEND OF 1200 YEARS AGO

In the eighth century the Moors began their long conquest of Spain and started a legend. Today the Spaniards are fighting the Moors for the last remnant of their empire, and at the same hour comes the final explosion of that legend 1200 years old.

The legend was that, in order to escape the pagan Moors, seven Christian bishops fled from Europe to islands in the West, and there founded seven cities amid scenes of perpetual plenty and never-ending blessedness.

A Legend of Magnificence

Two sites, regarded for the last 400 years as two of the Seven Cities, have just been explored in New Mexico, and they are found to be the sites of primitive villages, where tribe after tribe had lived in native simplicity for ages before the discovery of America by Columbus. Yet the squalid actuality of these two sites stands for all the legendary magnificence and riches in which everybody believed in the long ago.

It was the legend of these supposed Seven Cities that lured the white man to America. The legend was carried to the Latin countries of Europe by the Irish monks, who were the greatest teachers of the age. It spread throughout England and all over the Continent.

Many expeditions went out to find the cities. John Cabot led seven expeditions from Bristol in quest of the fabled land. A Spanish ambassador in England, writing to the King of Spain in 1498, tells his royal master how the English king, in consequence of these voyages, "has acquired part of Asia without drawing his sword."

The Islands of the Blessed

The fact is that Cabot in seeking the fabulous cities had accidentally found North America, which all the world then thought was the eastern extension of the coast of Asia. The Seven Cities therefore gave the Old World that New World, as well as the southern half of the continent which Columbus discovered. He, too, was seeking the Seven Cities, the Islands of the Blessed, the scene of the Earthly Paradise.

With all his hope of honours and riches, it was to reach these that he set out on that marvellous first voyage. He thought he was sailing uphill all the time, toward the apex of a pear-shaped Earth, at the crown of which lay the lost Eden. Asia he believed he had found, but the Seven Cities and the rest of the sacred domains he imagined to lie a little farther than he was able to penetrate.

Cities that Never Were

The fables and illusions which nerved Columbus and Cabot to their mighty tasks urged forth many successors also, but the Seven Cities were sought in vain, for such cities never were. Villages could have no meaning for explorers seeking palaces and conditions like paradise. Yet these villages which are now coming to light were the homes of the people whose story gave new vitality to the age-old legend.

Here they are today, stark realities as they were when Columbus set sail to seek their fabulous originals. The mere figure seven may have sufficed to give magic to the quest, for seven has always been a mystery number. These old heroes seeking these old cities groped for shadows, but they grasped realities far greater than their imagination had conceived possible. Charlemagne witnessed the birth of the old legend; the President of an American Republic of 120 million people sees the legend die.

QUEER LIFE IN A CAVE

THERE has long been a report abroad that fifty years ago a certain cave in Assam was searched by a British officer, who found marvellous life in it; and this report proved to be true, for Dr. Stanley Kemp has just found in it a bottle which was placed there by the former explorer.

The cave penetrates the earth for three-quarters of a mile, and through it runs a stream. The water was clear as crystal, and in it were fresh-water prawns, whose eyes had been reduced by the darkness to half their ordinary

size. Animals resembling cats and rats in a wild state were sheltering there, but darted away when a light appeared.

The number of bats was enormous. They simply lined the roof. When they were disturbed many left the cave by flight, making an endless living stream.

On the walls were innumerable cockroaches, beetles, snails, and spiders, with monstrous frogs and myriads of moths. In short, the cave seemed to be a place of refuge for animals and insects of the kind that most people regard as uncomfortable companions.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL, PLEASE COPY



The traffic problem is as acute in American cities as it is in the streets of London, but there is one important lesson which we can learn from our cousins across the Atlantic, and that is to prevent the constant ripping up of the streets without any regard to the needs of the people using them. This notice, hanging across Fifth Avenue, New York, speaks for itself

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Penny post has come back in New Zealand.

Belgium won the Gordon Bennett trophy in the great balloon race, her balloons being first and second with flights of 719 and 681 miles.

Order in Bulgaria

The revolution in Bulgaria has been a failure. It is doubtful whether a majority of Bulgarians support the present Government, but they stand by it as the guardian of order against violence.

The Portuguese President

The British people will watch with interest the work in his native country of Senhor Gomes, the Portuguese Ambassador in London, who has gone home to be President of the Republic.

There are now 3200 million million paper marks in circulation.

America has won the Schneider Cup for seaplanes in the race at Cowes by travelling at an average speed of over 177 miles an hour.

Abyssinia in the League

Abyssinia has undertaken to abolish slavery and to adhere to the League's convention regarding the traffic in arms; and she is now admitted to the League of Nations.

Atlantic Record Broken

The White Star liner Majestic has just broken the Atlantic record by crossing from New York to Cherbourg in 5 days 5 hours 21 minutes, beating her own record of 5 days 6 hours 13 minutes.

GERMANY IN RUIN THE SECOND WAR LOST The Only Way of Escape from National Failure

BLINDNESS BLUNDERING ON

By Our Political Correspondent

Germany has lost the war in the Ruhr Valley. Her policy of passive resistance to the French has failed, as it was sure to fail if France persisted to the end.

It was clear that the expense of supporting the men who were declining to work while the French and Belgians were occupying the Ruhr coalfield was so great, coupled with the disorganisation of German trade, that the bankruptcy of Germany was near at hand. So Germany had perforce to give in, and to save herself from ruin has acknowledged herself as beaten.

She now expresses her willingness to pay her just debts, and waits for such freedom for her industries as will allow her to meet the demands of the Allies. But the tragedy is that Germany, who was not willing to pay when she had the capacity to pay, has not the capacity to pay now that she is willing. She is on the verge of the most bitter ruin that ever befel a great nation.

Attempting to Escape

This is the second war that Germany has lost. She lost the fighting which her ambition provoked; and now she has lost the industrial war through which she hoped to evade a straightforward payment of the penalty that was rightly hers. The pity is that she did not, voluntarily and honourably, take up from the first the position into which she has now been forced. Had she done so the strain and suffering of this second war would have been prevented.

It is the German mind that has been wrong from the first. Whatever may be said of the Allies and the Treaty of Versailles, the German mind has deceived itself, and has not faced the realities of the situation. It has not accepted honestly the burden of its sin, but has tried to use every avenue of escape till it has been obliged to own that no such avenue is available.

Twisting and Turning

There is only one way of escape from national failure, and that is the plain path of honesty and justice. Instead of making the course of the Allies easy, and working with them toward a final peace and possible friendship by paying her debts, Germany has twisted and turned with a persistency that would have been admirable if it had been kept up in an honest cause.

Can it be wondered at that there should come distrust and dissatisfaction throughout Germany, with all the danger following privation, confusion, and failure? Until Germany found Stresemann she did not discover a single leader with vision enough to see that she was on the wrong road, or with strength of mind enough to tell her the plain truth.

Need of a Great Leader

The German mind is a curious study. Its blind obstinacy blunders on almost to the verge of heroism. It blundered into the war, and through the war, and it has been blundering ever since, and all the while fancying itself clever.

But, for all that, there is fine grit and strength in the German character, if it could only throw up an enlightened leadership that will give it a chance.

Now that Germany is on her knees again, the Allies have an opportunity of giving her a chance by allowing her freedom for an honest recovery. They must take the lead and keep the lead, but, while insisting on penalties being fully discharged, they should give this strong, industrious, but dull nation an outlook that has some clear hope at the end.

CARRYING GOODS AND PEOPLE

GREAT CHANGES AT SEA

What is Happening with the Coming of the Motor Ship
BRITAIN STILL LEADING

By Our Shipping Correspondent

Over a year ago the C.N. pointed out how the world's ships are changing from coal to oil. The latest returns show that the process has become very rapid.

It is happening in two ways. Steamships are increasingly firing their boilers with oil instead of with coal; and, more important still, of the new ships being built more and more are discarding steam altogether, so that no boilers are required, the vessels being run by oil motors.

There is little doubt that the steamship is passing away. Coal bunkers and boilers waste a large amount of space, and need much labour. With motor propulsion all that is needed is the engine and the oil tank. Moreover, the oil tank can be filled with a pipe, whereas to coal a ship is as dirty as it is laborious.

The Oil Tanker

The space which used to be occupied by coal bunkers and boilers is in the motor-ship set free for cargo and passengers, and so the running of a motor-ship is much more profitable.

Before the war 89 out of every hundred vessels used coal; now the number is reduced to 70 in each hundred. Again, before the war only three in each hundred vessels used oil fuel; now 27 in each hundred have taken to oil.

As for motor-ships, the world now has no fewer than 1795, with a tonnage of 1,666,000.

The use of oil is increasing on land as well as on sea, and this necessitates the employment of a rapidly increasing number of those curious vessels called tankers—ships specially built to carry oil for cargo alone.

Progress in Shipping

The world has now 917 tankers, of which 312 belong to Britain and 399 to the United States. They are unpleasant vessels to work in, for everything about them, including the food, reeks of oil. Seamen always get special pay for tanker voyages.

As to shipping generally, it is wonderful how much progress has been made in the last generation.

Since 1890, in spite of the interruption of the war, over 11 millions have been added to the tonnage of British shipping.

In the same period the steam tonnage of the following countries has been increased more than five times: British Dominions, Denmark, Holland, Italy, Japan, Norway, Sweden, and last, but not least, the United States. The most remarkable increases have been those of America, Japan, and Holland.

The Great Maritime Powers

These facts show how greatly the carrying of goods and people about the world has grown in recent times. But for the war the world's trade would by now have been large enough to furnish a much more comfortable living to all nations. Many of the world's ships are finding little to do, but there is good hope that in the course of a few years progress will again be made, and that we shall see the world's 58 million tons of ocean steamships and motor-vessels fully employed.

Britain still keeps her lead in the world's shipping. The chief maritime powers now have in round figures of gross tons: Britain, 19 millions; America, 12; Japan and France, each between three and four; Italy, Holland, and Germany, each between two and three millions. Germany has about half the shipping she had before the war, when she was the second maritime power.

PLAYING WITH COLOURS

QUEER THINGS THAT SCIENCE CAN DO

A Russian Refugee Lady and Her Stage Scenes

RAINBOW DRESSES

By Our Paris Correspondent

Let us set upon the stage three dancing girls dressed in red, and let us press upon a button. One of the girls remains red, another turns yellow, the third looks black; the transformation is complete and instantaneous. Yet there are no flashlights operating on them, and the dancers move about the stage in their new colours till it pleases the enchanter to alter them.

Such is the very interesting effect that a Russian lady, now a refugee in Paris, has realised. There have been experiments with stage scenery on similar lines in London.

Science teaches us that the colours of things do not really exist. When the light of the Sun passes through a prism it breaks itself up into a spectrum presenting the colours of the rainbow. When the light strikes any object, it goes through the same process. A part of its spectrum fades away, the other part is reflected by the object and gives us what we call colour.

The Changing Colours

With each colour it is sufficient to surround it with an impalpable reflection to change the impression it brings to our eyes. Do not coloured muslin curtains create in a room a luminous atmosphere which alters the hues? Nature offers us all sorts of surprises of the same kind: the colours of flowers are not the same under a blue sky as under black, stormy clouds; a ribbon, seen by moonlight, reflects tints that do not appear by daylight.

These differences come from the fact that the colour of the atmosphere changes according to time, place, and other causes; these variations, often directly imperceptible, manifest themselves to our eyes by their influence on surrounding objects. Professor Tyndall, our great chemist, explained this phenomenon very clearly when he stated that "Colour does not belong to matter; it is the influence of light."

A Lady and Her Dress

And the impression of colour made upon our eyes by an object does not depend only on the effect of light on the object; it is also modified by the influence of neighbouring objects. If we put together two paper bands of the same colour, one darker than the other, the part of the light band touching the other appears lighter than it really is, whereas the corresponding part of the dark band looks darker than it is.

The Russian lady working in Paris, Madame Boudkowski, had been fond of painting since her youth, and one day she was amazed that the colours of a picture she had done in the morning were at sunset entirely different. Another day she observed the same phenomenon on the silk of her dress. She worked the problem out and succeeded in combining colours that appeared or disappeared at various hours of the day.

Fantastic Effects

In a certain red atmosphere, for instance, a white and green striped silk turns pink and black, and yellow looks red, whereas the same yellow looks black in a blue light.

It is not, of course, a case of coloured flashlights such as have long been used on the stage; the process is altogether different. There is no flash.

With colours fitly combined, fantastic effects can be obtained. Let us take, for example, a white dress on which three designs are painted: two of different reds, and a blue one. In the combined light, the dress looks pink all over, and no design appears, but change the colour

DAY'S GOOD DEED

FOUR MEN IN A TAXI

A Six-Mile Ride for a Half-Crown Watch

THE BITER BIT

A problem worthy of the consideration of earnest Boy Scouts was presented the other day to two grown-ups, a nephew and an uncle. Engaging the only taxi on a suburban rank, they had six miles to drive, on a wet afternoon, to catch a train at St. Pancras.

As they were stepping in two other men approached, and with persuasive courtesy begged to be allowed to share the vehicle, as they also had to get to town in the rain. They were allowed to go, and they showed their gratitude by ungrudging attention to the elderly uncle. Dismounting at the station, they tenderly assisted the uncle from the cab, paid their half of the fare, and left.

"It is really very handsome of you to have helped us out of our difficulty," said one of them.

"Beg pardon, sir," said cabby to the nephew, "do you happen to know those two men?"

"Never saw them before," answered the nephew.

"Then, if you'll excuse me, sir, you were very foolish to pick them up, for how do you know as they haven't picked you up?"

A Good Laugh

The nephew ran through his pockets, found his wallet and his gold watch and chain where they ought to be, and suggested to the well-meaning cabby that he should be a little more charitable in his judgments. Then away they went to the train.

"We've done splendidly, with time to spare," said the uncle, feeling for his watch. "Good, gracious!" he added, "The cabman was right, and you were an idiot. They have picked my pocket."

The nephew burst into peals of laughter, whereat a stranger in the corner of the carriage scowled fiercely and said, "It is not nice of you, sir, to laugh at this old gentleman when he has been robbed of his watch and chain."

But the nephew continued to laugh, and between his gasps he explained to the considerate stranger that the cautious uncle had left his usual watch and chain at home, and had come out wearing a watch bought 20 years ago for five shillings attached to a brass chain!

"So," he added, "those two swell thieves have paid a taxi fare for six miles to steal a watch and chain worth half a crown!"

And then all three laughed together, and the rest of us may share their mirth. But, all the same, we should be careful, for thieves are busy now, and hardly a week seems to pass when some thief does not make a good haul on a London bus.

Continued from the previous column

of the atmosphere, and we see a white dress with black and yellow drawings. Change again, and lavender, green, and orange stand out on a blue ground.

But the most wonderful achievement is, perhaps, the staging on which, in a natural light, we perceive but a puzzling medley of colours, though, when the atmosphere is changed to red, we see a black and red thatched cottage. Another light, and there appears a garden with fountains playing under a moonlight sky.

These coloured atmospheres are very simply obtained with the aid of coloured glasses placed before the footlights, but the secret is in the chemistry of the colours themselves.

What we can expect from this invention nobody can say; perhaps some very curious scenic effects, some improvements in general lighting, some changes in photography no doubt. It may be a means of discovering false banknotes, on which the designs are coloured. Who knows that the day may not actually come when shops will offer my lady dresses pink at dawn, red at noon, and blue at sunset?

THE PERILS OF THE MINE

STATION FOR STUDYING THEM

What They Find Out at Eskmeals, in Cumberland

MINERS WHO GO BLIND

Once more fire and water have brought disaster to our brave miners; and it is announced that the Research Station at Eskmeals, in Cumberland, where mine explosions are studied, is to be enlarged.

Till, about sixteen years ago it was believed that sparks or lights set fire to gases in the mine, but in 1908 a committee of coal owners paid for some experiments by engineers, which showed without any possibility of mistake that it is the coal dust which catches fire and explodes—even as the dust of flour will do in certain conditions.

To Prevent Explosions

Then it was found that if the dust of shale was allowed to mix with the coal dust the mixture would not catch fire. Consequently, shale dust has since been much used in mines to prevent explosions or to keep from spreading the flame that leaps up when the coal dust is ignited.

These experiments at a Yorkshire colliery led to the establishment of a badly needed testing station at Eskmeals, and there many other investigations have been carried on. But they are by no means at an end, for many other things about explosions have to be found out. It must be remembered that, besides the coal dust, inflammable gas (methane) is present in coal mines.

Lighting the Mines

Mines must be lighted, and even with electric lighting there is danger of a spark. Moreover, in order to loosen the coal in the workings there are some kinds of artificial explosions which have to be arranged. "Shots," as miners call them, have to be fired to break the coal away.

All these things need much further inquiry, and many facts are still unknown. The Government, represented by the Home Office, seek to find out what kinds of lights can best be used in coal mines with the least risk. They want to know how coal dust catches fire, and how the flame travels. They wish to discover how and when coal sometimes catches fire by itself. Also if it is possible to use "safe explosives," which, while loosening the coal, can be used without danger of fire? These are some of the things to discover which it is proposed to enlarge and improve the Research Station at Eskmeals.

Where the Safety Lamp Fails

There are two other things which have to be investigated. Everybody knows the miner's safety lamp, invented more than a century ago by Sir Humphry Davy in order to give the miners a light which should not set fire to the gases or anything else in the mine. It has one serious defect. It does not give light enough. Its feeble illumination tries the eyes of men who work by it, so that they suffer from nystagmus, a disease in which the eyeballs continually roll about, with as many as 100 or even 500 oscillations a minute.

The consequence is that in time the miner cannot fix his eye on anything steadily; he begins to be quite blind at night time; and at other times everything dances before his eyes like a badly flickering cinematograph. Lights rotate when he looks at them.

The disease sometimes gets worse, and the man has to give up work. Often he has to leave off mining for a month, or for six months. This and many other subjects are constantly being investigated at Eskmeals.

THE WEEK IN GEOGRAPHY

GREENLAND

THE SECOND LARGEST ISLAND IN THE WORLD

Greenland, over whose east coast Norway and Denmark have for some time past been disputing, and are now seeking to find a way of settlement, is the second largest island in the world, covering an area of about 800,000 square miles and being exceeded only by Australia.

It is really a very poor land to dispute over, for though it has a coastline of 3600 miles, this consists mostly of rugged cliffs with glacier-filled indentations, and only a few openings are available for boats. Then the interior of the island is one vast glacier, with ice often more than a mile thick.

In the south only does the ice melt; and during the summer months the temperature rises to about 48 Fahrenheit, so that many flowers are able to flourish—poppies, saxifrages, heaths, anemones, and so on. There are, also, in the south dwarf trees—birches, alders, and willows—and cranberries ripen well.

Fruit, Flowers, and Vegetables

Several vegetables are cultivated, and, though they are small and need much care, quite successful crops are reared, including potatoes, turnips, carrots, radishes, cabbages, lettuces, broccoli, spinach, and leeks. Rhubarb also grows, and strawberries and cucumbers can be ripened under glass.

The native animals include the Polar bear, reindeer, musk-ox, Polar wolf and fox, and the lemming.

But it is not on account of its land products that Norway and Denmark are in dispute. It is the seal and whale fisheries of the east coast that led the Norwegians to Greenland, and they claim a freedom to pursue these industries that Denmark regards as interfering with the sovereign rights she claims over Greenland, where she has had colonies on the west coast since 1721.

Cut Off from the World

It was in the beginning of the tenth century that Greenland was first seen by the Norseman Gunnbjorn, and at the end of that century the country was colonised from Iceland. Then about the year 1000 Christianity was introduced, and at the beginning of the twelfth century Greenland was raised to the dignity of a bishopric.

Intercourse was kept up regularly with Europe till the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the Arctic ice seems to have unaccountably increased, and completely cut off the colonists from the rest of the world. It was more than a hundred years before Greenland was again visited, this time by the English navigator John Davis. All the Norse colonists had disappeared, but whether they had perished through privation or had been killed by the Eskimos will never be known.

Country with Two Capitals

Greenland was utterly neglected for the next two centuries, and then in 1721 the Danish Government assisted Hans Egede, a clergyman, to establish a European mission settlement at Godhaab, which means Good Hope. Other Danes followed, trade ports were opened, and the Eskimos became civilised and Christianised. At the present time there are about 170 settlements in the island, and Greenland has a population of 14,000. Since 1774 the trade of the country has been a monopoly of the Danish Crown.

There are two capitals, Godhaab and Godharn, and a governor resides at each, one for the north of the settled area and the other for the south. Two years ago the King of Denmark visited the island, the first time a European sovereign had been there.

One thing is certain. Whatever may be the matters in dispute between Norway and Denmark, there is no doubt that two such intelligent nations will find a satisfactory and friendly way of settling their differences.

NEXT YEAR'S JAMBOREE

THE WORLD'S BEST PEACE CONFERENCE

Scouts and Guides Go Out to See the World

THE SIGN LANGUAGE

By Sir Robert Baden-Powell

In Copenhagen, Denmark, next year will be held the second great International Jamboree of the Boy Scouts. This will follow our Imperial Jamboree, which takes place at Wembley in August.

The first Jamboree was held at Olympia, in London, in 1920, when Scouts from 27 different countries met together for games, competitions, and jollifications generally. And what a time they had! Of course they could not all speak each other's language, but they could, and did, make each other understand what they were talking about in a most wonderful way—and in a language of signs which we call Jamboreese.

Camping Abroad

In the three years that have passed since that meeting together of the nations, the friendships of the Scouts have not been allowed to die out. Each year has seen more and more British Scouts going abroad to see their brother Scouts in their own homes, and in return we have received visits from hundreds of boys—foreigners in language, but brothers and comrades in Scouting.

This year has been a record one for interchange of visits. No less than 117 troops of our Scouts have camped abroad—in France, Spain, Holland, Austria, Denmark, Czechoslovakia, Latvia, and many other countries.

Think of it! Camping is fine fun, and to my mind the best way of spending a holiday; but to camp abroad with all the additional fun of sea-travelling, sight-seeing, and studying the climate and customs of other countries—well, it's a fine chance for a boy who wants to get on in life.

Received by the King

The Kent Scouts who went to Denmark this year could tell you some yarns of their adventures, how they were received by the King, and shook hands with him, how their brother Scouts from Holland, with whom they had camped the year before, came to Denmark just to meet them again, and of the kindness which was showered on them on every side.

And the London Scouts who have just been to Riga—in Latvia—could tell you of sight-seeing, of banquets innumerable, and, above all, of the cheery kindness of their brother Scouts toward them.

It is the same here in England.

In the last few weeks I have had Dutch and Belgian, French, and Danish Scouts camping on my own drive in the village where I live, and these have made pals of the village troop of Scouts.

A Brotherhood of Peace

In the Girl Guides there are the same chances for girls to go abroad, and to exchange letters and visits with girls of other nations.

And the more you all get together in a friendly, happy way the less likelihood there will be of wars in the future.

In years to come it will be you, the boys and girls, the Scouts and Guides, who will have a say in the matter when difficulties arise between nations. No one would want to go and shoot his best friend, even if he does belong to a different country. And the more you get to know of each other's point of view, the less likelihood there will be of difficulties arising.

That is what one statesman who came to the Jamboree meant when he said that it was the best Peace Conference he had ever attended.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

How Deep is Lake Windermere?

It varies, but in some places it is two hundred feet deep.

Would Sea Water Do for Garden Plants?

No; it would kill them if applied regularly in large quantities.

Do Gulls Eat Young Birds?

Yes; several of the gulls, as, for example, the great black-backed gull and the herring gull.

How Fast Does a Horse Run in a Race?

The Derby course at Epsom, 1 mile 4 furlongs 29 yards, has several times been run in less than 2 minutes 36 seconds.

What is an Aeolian Harp?

A musical instrument consisting of a box containing wires or strings loosely stretched to produce musical notes when the wind blows through them.

What is a Rook's Egg Like?

It is greenish, blotched, and mottled with brownish green, but the markings vary very much in depth of colour and in pattern. It is about an inch and a half long.

Who Were the First Auctioneers?

No one can say, but we know auctions were common in ancient Babylonia and among the Romans. Cicero and Livy refer to them. The first auction in Britain is said to have been conducted by Elisha Yale about 1700.

What are the Populations of London and New York?

At the last official census the figures were: Greater London 7,476,168; and New York, 5,620,048. The County of London has 4,483,249 people.

What is a Crown of Charles II Like?

It is a silver coin weighing 46½ grains, with a laureated bust of Charles looking to the right on the obverse side, and four shields, arranged in the form of a cross, on the reverse side. There are the usual inscriptions on the coin.

What is a Tidal Wave?

A tidal wave is really the great oscillating movement of the sea caused by the attraction of the Sun and Moon, and is felt right round the Earth. The term, however, is now used also for any great wave moving over a wide area of ocean set up by an earthquake or submarine disturbance.

Of Whom was it Said, He Never Said a Foolish Thing?

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, who lived from 1647 to 1680, is said to have written on Charles the Second's bedroom door:

Here lies our sovereign lord the King,

Whose word no man relies on;

He never says a foolish thing

Nor ever does a wise one.

What is the Viola of the Nurseryman?

Botanically all violas and pansies are violas, but the florist and nurseryman confine the name to the plants whose flowers have no blotch in the centre, and no rays, or very delicate ones. The violas of commerce are said to be descended from *Viola lutea*, the yellow mountain pansy.

Why is there Sometimes a Double Rainbow?

When the primary, or chief, rainbow is very vivid on a dark cloud, a second rainbow, larger and fainter, is often seen, with the order of the colours reversed. The Sun's rays, entering the raindrops, are refracted, reflected twice, and then refracted again before being sent to the observer's eye. That is why the colours are reversed.

How Did the Red Dragon of Wales Originate?

The emblem of ancient Parthia was a dragon, and this was adopted by Rome as a symbol for her auxiliaries. In time it became the standard for the emperors of the West, and from them was taken and adopted as the Golden Dragon of Wessex and the Red Dragon of Wales.

Why Do Soldiers Break Step While Crossing a Bridge?

If the soldiers kept in step the constant and regular shaking of the bridge by the impact of their feet and the swinging of their bodies would set up vibrations leading to an ever-increasing swing of the bridge, which would cause such a strain on certain parts as might eventually lead to a fracture.

What is Mercury?

Mercury is the metal known as quicksilver, which at ordinary temperatures is liquid. It is a chemical element, rarely found native, and is obtained from sulphide of mercury, also called cinnabar. It is used in separating gold and silver from their ores, in silvering mirrors, in dentistry, for barometers and thermometers, in medicines, and in pigments.

URANUS. HIDDEN FROM VIEW

MOON PASSES IN FRONT OF A PLANET

Why the Giant World Appears So Small

A BEAUTIFUL GREEN GLOBE

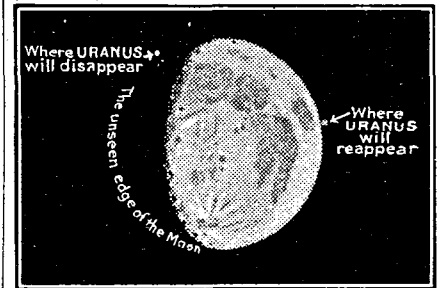
By Our Astronomical Correspondent

On Saturday night, October 20, the Moon will pass in front of the far-off planet Uranus, occulting, that is, hiding it from view, for an hour.

This is a spectacular event of great fascination to possessors of good telescopes; but even to those who have no optical aid it may be of considerable usefulness, for it will enable them to know just where Uranus is.

We should note as exactly as possible at the time of occultation the position of the Moon in relation to the few surrounding stars that are visible. Then, a week or two later, when the night sky is moonless and very dark, observers with keen eyesight or opera glasses may easily find this faint and remote planet. The star map in the C.N. of September 8 last will be a guide.

While being occulted Uranus will appear to pass behind a comparatively small strip of the Moon's northern regions, as shown below, disappearing



The Occultation of Uranus

on the left side, at 10.44 p.m., a little way from the bright part of the Moon, and reappearing, at 11.46, at the bright edge on the right side.

It is the fact that Uranus will disappear at the dark, unseen edge of the Moon, and that the eclipse of the planet's disc will be gradual, which gives this celestial event its great interest. Those possessing telescopes powerful enough to show Uranus as a globe will see the disc gradually becoming smaller till it disappears, the cause—that is, the dark edge of the Moon—being invisible. It will take our satellite nearly eight seconds to accomplish this.

If Uranus were as Near as the Moon

Uranus will appear very much smaller than the craters of our satellite, except the very small ones; the planet appearing to be barely five miles wide in comparison with the Moon's 2163 miles. We see, therefore, that the Moon appears about 430 times the width of Uranus. Actually this far-off planet is 31,900 miles in diameter, a globe large enough to contain 3200 of our Moons.

When we reflect that Uranus is nearly 7000 times as far as the Moon, and that, whereas the Moon is but 240,000 miles away, Uranus is 1700 million miles off, we can understand why the great globe appears so small. Were this distant world as near to us as our Moon we should see an immense and beautiful greenish globe in our night skies. It would be nearly sixteen times the width of our Moon.

But perhaps it is as well that Uranus is not so near, for, as it is a world more than 14 times as massive as ours, the Earth would have to go round Uranus, producing, possibly, a state of things by no means so conducive to our well-being as present conditions. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Venus and Jupiter are in the west, near the Sun, and invisible to the naked eye. Uranus is due south between 9 and 10 p.m. In the morning Saturn is very near the Sun, and invisible. Mercury and Mars may be seen after about 5 a.m. in the east.

A Thrilling Sea Story by T. C. Bridges Begins Next Week

THE HEIR OF A HUNDRED KINGS

The Strange Adventures
of a Schoolboy in Africa

Told by
Herbert Strang

CHAPTER 73 His Father's Ghost

THE people fell back, making a lane for the advancing litter. A prolonged silence had seized upon the throng, lately so clamorous. Nothing was heard but the plaintive notes of flutes, played by two youths in attendance upon the seer. "Wonderful, wonderful!" Dr. Paradine murmured. "It is like a three-thousand-year-old wall painting come to life." His eyes glistened with emotion.

The little party on the palace steps watched the slow progress of the aged seer. Muleh spoke rapidly and eagerly to Achmet. Roger guessed that he was explaining the long course of his relationship with Hoteb—how they two, during the usurpation, had never lost hope, but had looked forward confidently to the day when a true Sanka-ra should once more reign in Kush.

Suddenly Roger had an inspiration. What more fitting moment could be chosen for the introduction of Achmet to the seer?

He quickly outlined his proposition to his uncle and Achmet. Muleh, when Achmet consulted him, gave his approval with enthusiasm. He would have welcomed any suggestion that hastened the great moment for which he had laboured. Accordingly, while the litter was still threading its way at a snail's pace through the crowd, Roger and Achmet quietly withdrew into the palace.

When they returned after a few minutes they were transformed. Achmet was now magnificent in the royal robes, a grave, stately figure. Roger, once more a smiling English boy, wore his own clothes, worn, travel-stained, but his own. "I daresay I look a frightful sweep," he said to his uncles, "but I never felt so jolly in my life. And doesn't Achmet look fine? He looks a king, and I'm jolly well sure I didn't."

"You'll be known in the history of Kush as the King-maker," said Mr. Paradine. "But look! They are carrying the old man from his litter. The poor fellow seems to be on his last legs. Stand a little behind Achmet, Roger. I'll try on the spur of the moment to compose a graceful speech for you."

Hoteb, looking more frail than ever, was borne up the steps. His eyes were closed. He opened them when Muleh went to his side. And then, as they fell upon Achmet standing just above him, he uttered a sudden cry, stretched out his arms, and would have fallen on his face but for the sustaining arms about him.

A few broken words, incomprehensible to the Englishmen, fell from his quivering lips.

"What does he say, Suleiman?" whispered Mr. Paradine.

"He thinks he sees my lord's father, the murdered Sanka-ra," was the reply.

"Extraordinary!" said the Doctor. "I fear the shock will be too much for him."

He fished out of his pocket a bottle of smelling-salts, and bade Suleiman take it to the aged man and hold it to his nose. Hoteb sneezed, and opened streaming eyes. Muleh seized the bottle, and dashed it down on the steps.

But it had its due effect. The seer braced himself, took a pace forward, then prostrated himself at Achmet's feet. The wondering throng looked on in dead silence.

"Our eloquence would be wasted," said Mr. Paradine. "The old man has recognised his lord. We had better leave Muleh to make the necessary explanations."

They stood in the background while Muleh conversed with the seer. Presently the old man threw up his hands, uttered a wailing cry, and, bowing himself again before Achmet, appeared to make a humble supplication.

"He says kill him on the altar of Amen-ra," said Suleiman.

"Your ancient civilisation again, Ben," said Mr. Paradine. "The poor old fellow is remorseful at having placed an impostor on the throne of Sanka-ra, and thinks he can only atone by offering himself as a sacrifice."

"But we can't allow that!" cried the Doctor, aghast.

"I think we may safely leave that to Achmet," said his brother.

And Achmet himself told them later how he had appeased the penitent seer.

"I said that he had been the instrument of the gods who watch over Kush. By his natural mistake about the golden bead he had set upon the throne one who was enabled to help the people of Kush in their dire need. But for Roger and my good friends, the raiders might well have ravaged the country and borne the flower of the people away into slavery."

The old man was soothed by the reasoning of Achmet, seconded by Muleh. Presently he turned toward the expectant people, summoned a number of the priests to his side, and bade them spread the news that the true Sanka-ra had come to his own.

At first the people appeared to be thunderstruck. But when they understood that there would shortly be another coronation, with its accompanying festivities, they showed every sign of satisfaction, and dispersed happily.

CHAPTER 74 Good-bye to Kush

MR. PARADINE was eager now to withdraw from the country, regain the camp, and start northward, being convinced that his prospecting errand was a failure and that the only country hereabouts suitable for cotton-growing was the land of Kush. To exploit Achmet's territory was, of course, out of the question.

But Dr. Paradine refused absolutely to leave the country until after Achmet's coronation.

"I shall never have another chance of witnessing these ancient rites," he said. "Indeed, James, I am not sure that I shall go back with you at all. There is material here for a lifetime's study, and it would be a pity if I threw away the opportunity of continuing my researches and communicating my discoveries to the world."

"Perhaps Achmet will not thank you for that. However, we will remain for the coronation, if only to make sure that the people of Kush don't celebrate the occasion by that holocaust you so much dreaded."

So it was arranged. The preparations for the ceremony were hastened, and on the third day after the defeat of the raiders Achmet was solemnly enthroned.

The general rejoicings were slightly alloyed by the refusal of the new Sanka-ra to permit the sacrifice of the prisoners. Achmet decreed that they should be tied together, as they had tied their slaves, and expelled from Kush on pain of death if they returned. In compensation the people were treated to an exhibition of shooting by Mr. Paradine, which not only greatly excited them, but gave them an enhanced respect for the friends of Sanka-ra.

A few days later a long procession wound through the main thoroughfare, across the valley, and up the hills into the pass by which Roger had first entered the country.

At the head marched a band of musicians and choristers. In turn followed small parties of priests and warriors, escorting the litters in which Sanka-ra and his three English friends were borne in state. Behind stepped Suleiman and Hassan, side by side; Suleiman had obtained leave to enter Dr. Paradine's service. Then came a compact body of the chief officials and an immense concourse of the common people.

The only prominent person whom Roger missed was Muleh. He was told simply that the hunter had gone on a journey.

Arriving at the frontier, Achmet took a gravely affectionate farewell of his friends.

"I wish you all success," said Mr. Paradine. "Keep your country closed as long as you can. You'll be happier out of the hurly-burly."

"But I shall come back," said the Doctor. "Yes, I certainly shall. I have much to learn. If you will permit me, I will endeavour to decipher the papyrus in your ivory casket now deposited with my bank, and I will bring it back with me."

"Good-bye, old chap," said Roger. "I hope you'll like being king. I hated it; but, when I get home to England and think of all that's happened, I shouldn't be a bit surprised if—at a distance, you know—it all seems a jolly lark."

They shook hands all round. The travellers passed out through the last of the secret doors. It closed silently behind them, and there was no sign whatever of the land of Kush.

CHAPTER 75 School Again

ROGER looked around like one awaking from a dream.

"It seems an age since that day I climbed up from the valley," he said. "How are we to find our way back to the camp? Here we can see nothing but a wilderness of rocks."

He noticed an exchange of glances between Suleiman and Hassan.

"What is it?" he asked.

From Suleiman's somewhat confused explanation he gathered that Hassan was endowed with the bump of locality, and was confident of his ability to lead the party in the right direction.

But the full meaning of their nods and smiles was only disclosed about half an hour later, when they

were creeping down the last steep descent to the plain.

"Isn't that a camel down there?" Roger cried. "And another, and a third? And that looks uncommonly like Selim."

A turn of the path revealed Yakoub, Ali, and all the servants, halted beside the camels. And among them stood Muleh.

"What an excellent fellow Achmet is!" said Mr. Paradine. "I haven't a doubt that he sent Muleh to bring our party to this spot, so that we might be spared the fatigue of a journey on foot. It is a very pleasant surprise."

The hunter gravely saluted them, and acknowledged that Mr. Paradine had guessed correctly.

"Give your lord our thanks," said the Doctor in Arabic. "We rejoice with you that he has succeeded to the throne of his fathers."

"By the mercy of Allah, most noble effendi," said the man, "and the fearlessness of the young effendi who came here alone among a strange people. Salaam aleikam!"

He bowed low to each of the Englishmen in turn, leaped to his saddle, and galloped away.

"And now for our camp, en route for Kassala and Cairo," said Mr. Paradine. "Roger and you, Ben, are the only persons who have got anything out of our expedition. I go back to report a failure."

"Cheer up, Uncle!" cried Roger. "You've won an immense reputation as a man of war."

"As fleeting as if written in water. Ah, me! the word *water* will be found written on my heart."

"Better than having it on the brain, Uncle," said Roger slyly.

They mounted; the camels rose with their stiff, jerky, ungainly movements, and the party set off.

But they had not gone a hundred yards when a cry of surprise broke simultaneously from Roger and Mr. Paradine. Rounding a projecting corner, they came in sight of the ancient watercourse which the Doctor had discovered a fortnight before. Then it was dry; now a clear stream several yards in width flowed along its bed.

"Well, if this doesn't beat cock-fighting!" cried Mr. Paradine. "Roger, you're a magician. Don't you see, don't you see, lad? Your new stream flowed into the Sacred Lake. The water had to find an outlet; here it is. My problem is solved. Shake hands, my lad."

Mr. Paradine stayed only a day in Cairo; then he sailed with Roger for home, leaving the Doctor, at his own insistence, to puzzle out the hieroglyphics on Achmet's papyrus.

A month later he sent word of his success. The papyrus was much damaged, but what he had deciphered proved that it had given a complete pedigree of Achmet from the time of the first Sanka-ra. "And I am taking the ivory casket back myself," he added.

A few months later, when Roger had been some weeks at Rugby, one of his schoolfellows came to him one day with a newspaper.

"I say Blake," he said, "have you got an uncle named Paradine?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Then it is you. My pater's in Egypt, and he sent me this paper. Here's a rummy story about you. The paper says it don't believe it, but—"

Roger seized the paper, read a few lines, blushed, and thrust the crumpled sheet into his pocket.

"I say, that's my paper," said the other.

Roger paid no heed, and for a minute or two there was a brisk little scrap. Then two dishevelled boys might have been seen, one flat on his back, the other kneeling on him. Roger was top-dog.

"If you don't keep it dark, I'll give you the jolliest lamming you ever had in your life!" he spluttered breathlessly.

Up to the present the under-dog has kept it dark.

THE END

Five-Minute Story

The Test

WHEN Frank Martin, the grocer's boy, asked for an hour off to go swimming, his master laughed at him.

"Certainly not," he said. "I'll have no nonsense of that kind. Whoever heard of swimming being of use to a grocer?"

"But, sir," stammered Frank, "it's only for an hour's practice, and Mr. Ellis says I will win a medal if I pass the life-saving test."

Mr. Pilbeam frowned over his spectacles at Frank.

"I don't pay you to go swimming," he said sternly. "If they want you to learn life-saving, why don't they have their classes at night time, not in working hours? A lot of foolishness, I call it. It isn't even as if you lived at the sea-side. Whose life are you going to save in the village?"

"There's the river, sir; a boy was drowned there last year."

"Boys have no business to go near the river. My own son has strict orders about that. What you do in your own time doesn't matter to me; but during your working hours here you must obey orders."

Frank felt very disappointed as he pushed the barrow down the High Street. He had been practising swimming all the summer to try to win the life-saving medal. And now the test had come at a time when he could not go.

As he crossed the bridge, under which flowed the river, he noticed a group of boys playing on the bank, while some were in the water bathing. Frank noticed with some surprise that Harry Pilbeam, his master's son, was among them.

Harry looked up as Frank passed. "Hallo, Frank!" he cried. "Come in; the water's lovely."

As he spoke Harry took a step forward and suddenly disappeared. A second later he was swept out into the middle of the stream.

A wild shriek came from him.

Leaving a boy in charge of his barrow, Frank threw off his jacket, and in a flash he had sprung from the bank and was swimming rapidly toward the drowning boy.

The current was strong, but Frank was a good swimmer. Soon he overhauled Harry, and, putting into practice the lessons he had learned, brought him safely ashore.

Ten minutes afterwards, wet and disconsolate, Frank, followed by Harry, walked into Mr. Pilbeam's shop.

One look at the wet and dripping figure brought Mr. Pilbeam to his feet.

"Out you go!" he cried. "Orders are orders! Leave the shop!"

"It isn't his fault, Father," cried Harry. "It was mine. I disobeyed you. Frank saved me!"

So Frank got the medal after all.

Useful Wireless Tables for the Amateur

24-PAGE BOOKLET
FREE THIS WEEK

This Booklet is a complete Wireless "Ready Reckoner" which no boy or girl interested in wireless can afford to be without. It is FREE inside every copy of this week's POPULAR WIRELESS (on sale Friday, October 12th). The contents include: Wave-length Tables and Winding Data for a full range of various coils, condenser capacity tables, and many others equally valuable, with full explanatory text. Make sure of this week's

POPULAR WIRELESS

Every Friday



May All the Stars Hang Bright Above Thy Dwelling



DI MERRYMAN

"LAST night I woke up with the strange impression that my watch was gone," said Jack, "so I got up and looked."
"And had it gone?" asked Tom.
"No; but it was going!" replied Jack.

What Is It?

MY first is in crowbar but not in lift,
My second's in shaken but not in sift,
My third is in ladle but not in spoon,
My fourth is in planet but not in moon,
My fifth is in adder but not in snake,
My sixth is in boiling but not in bake,
My seventh's in windy but not in breeze,
My eighth is in chilly but not in sneeze,
My ninth is in paddle but not in row,
My whole is a Northern land you know.

Answer next week

How many Spanish grandees make a part of the human body? Tendons.

Is Your Name Turnbull?

AN ancestor of the people bearing this surname was, no doubt, a very strong or daring person, who performed some striking feat in handling a bull.

The name suggests that either by physical strength or in some other way he turned a bull out of its course, and the description of his feat stuck to him, and eventually became the surname of his descendants.

WHY is the figure-nine like a peacock?
Because without a tail it is nothing.

My Little Brother

WHO spoils my things, who tears my book,
Who breaks my doll, inside to look?
My brother.

Who pulls my hair and pinches me?
Who hits me, and then laughs with glee?
My brother.

And who knocks down the stately tower
In building which I spent an hour?
My brother.

And if I read a story gay,
Whospoils it with his cry of "Play"?
My brother.

If mamma sweets or cakes can spare,
Who always takes the biggest share?
My brother.

"A very naughty boy," you fear.
Oh, no! He's just a perfect dear—
My brother!

WHAT is the difference between a lighted taper in a cave and a dance in a village inn?
One is a taper in a cavern and the other is a caper in a tavern.

On the Oyster



BROWNIE STUDENT: "And what is the subject this morning, professor?"

Professor: "A foolish question, my lad; surely you can see that I am going to lecture on the oyster!"

The Pig Problem

A BOY was being shown round a farm by his friend the farmer when they came to a number of pig-sties.

"How many pigs have you?" asked the boy.

"Let me see if you can reckon for yourself," answered the farmer. "If I had as many more and half as many more, and eight besides, I should have just forty-three."

How many pigs were there in the sties?

Solution next week

One Thing at a Time

A BUSINESS man was worried by an office boy who was whistling loudly.

"Be quiet, please," he said. "I will not have you whistling while you are at work."

"It doesn't matter, sir," replied the boy. "I wasn't working!"

A Riddle in Rhyme

MY first, my next, and both combined,

Are all injurious reckoned;
And true it is my first you'll find
Produce my whole and second.
My first will most affect your sight;
My next your tools and fenders;
My whole your mind when wanting light.

This clue my answer renders.

Solution next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Is It? POTATOES

Beheaded Word

Cleave, leave, éave, Eva, va

Alphabet Arithmetic

BROOM + FISH = ROOM + CLOUD =

DISH = CLUB + NET = OFTEN

Who Was He?

The Great Benefactor was Lord Lister

Jacko Fills the Cellar

BIG Sister Belinda had come to tea, and Jacko went to let her in.

"Hallo, red nose!" he cried, as he flung open the door.
"Don't be rude," said his sister. "I'm cold. Mercy!" she cried, as she pushed past him into the parlour, "haven't you got a fire?"

"Well, no," said her mother. "As a matter of fact, we're short of coal, and until your father orders some more we've got to be careful."

"Why don't you talk to him?" asked Belinda.

But it was no good talking to Father. "I haven't got the money," he snapped; "and that's all about it."

But Mother got so desperate at last that she managed to "squeeze a few shillings out of the greens," as she put it; and she sent Jacko off with the money, telling him to ask the man at the shop to send a sack round at once.

But when he got to the shop the man said he was sorry, but he had nobody to send.

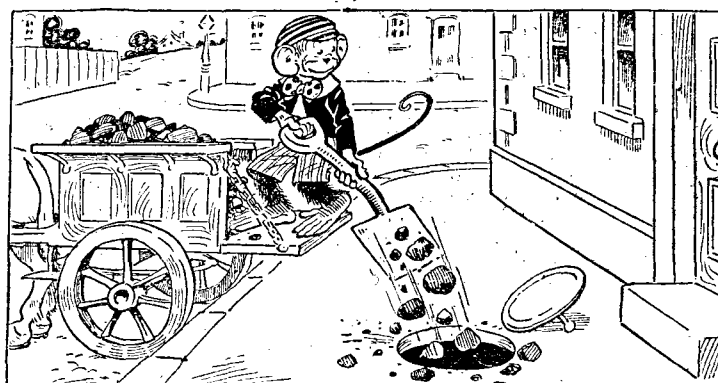
"Got to have it today," insisted Jacko. "Mater can't wait."

"Then she'd better come and fetch it herself," said the man.

Jacko thought a bit. "I'll take it," he said, as the bright idea struck him, "if you'll lend me a cart."

He got the cart, loaded it up, and drove it home, whistling cheerfully as he went.

He had some difficulty in opening the coalplate, but he managed it after a desperate effort, and began shovelling in the



He began shovelling it in as fast as it would go

coal as fast as it would go. When he had finished he went into the house, shouting for his mother.

"Go and have a look at the cellar!" he cried.

"Good gracious, what a state you're in!" exclaimed Mrs. Jacko, as she caught sight of him. "Surely you haven't—"

"Yes I have," grinned Jacko. "Man couldn't send, so I brought it myself."

"How splendid of you," began Mrs. Jacko, hurrying out to the cellar. "But there's nothing here!" she cried in a disappointed voice, as she looked inside. "The cellar's empty!"

"It can't be!" said Jacko.

"Then come and see for yourself," said his mother.

But they had to stop arguing to see who it was that was knocking so hard on the front door. It was their neighbour, and she wasn't too pleased.

"Somebody's put a load of coal down my cellar," she complained, looking hard at Jacko. "I suppose it's a joke. But I don't think it's funny!"

Strange to say, Mrs. Jacko didn't think so, either.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

A Dog and His Master

A Reading correspondent gives an interesting instance of a dog's understanding of human speech.

Walking on the Derbyshire moors I inquired at a farmhouse where I could get some lunch. The farmer had just returned from the hospital after an operation and a month's absence.

The wife said that on the last day of the month she had a peculiar feeling that her husband would come back on that day, though she did not know that he would. But she kept saying to the dog, a favourite of his master, "Your master is coming home today."

After midday the dog was nowhere to be seen. About three o'clock he bounded into the kitchen, and was slowly followed by his master. He had been to the station and waited there till his master arrived.

Un Chien et Son Maître

Un correspondant de Reading nous cite un cas intéressant d'un chien comprenant le langage des hommes.

Au cours d'une promenade dans les brandes du Derbyshire, je m'enquis à une ferme où je pourrais trouver à déjeuner. Le fermier venait de rentrer de l'hôpital après une opération et une absence d'un mois.

Sa femme me dit que le dernier jour du mois elle avait eu une prémonition que son mari reviendrait ce jour-là, bien qu'elle n'en sût rien. Mais elle répétait sans cesse au chien, un favori de son maître, "Ton maître va revenir aujourd'hui."

Après midi le chien était introuvable. Vers trois heures il bondit dans la cuisine, suivi, à pas lents, de son maître. Il était allé à la gare et avait attendu là l'arrivée de son maître.

Tales Before Bedtime

Sally Goes Shopping

GRANNY said she would give her little china elephant that nodded his head so cleverly to the one who could spend a shilling in the wisest way for the little bazaar that the children were holding to help the Cripple Children.

"I shall have an apple-stall," said Billy, and he went to the greengrocer's and spent all his shilling on apples; but it bought only eight, and they looked lonely on Billy's stall.

Laura bought twelve picture postcards, and spread them out in a row.

Bobbie had a hole in his pocket as usual and lost his shilling—which was very sad, of course, but all his own fault.

Daisy thought a bun-stall would be nice, and she bought twelve buns; but she put them on the grass and forgot all about them, and the next-door dog enjoyed six of them for his dinner.

Sally longed for the elephant. He would be so lovely for Zoo games on wet afternoons.

She went into the garden to think, and a big bee flew in front of her, buzzing in and out of the flowers.

"He's buying honey," she thought. "And he doesn't get it all at oneshop—a good idea!"

She ran into the village and spent three pennies on a toy train, a box of beads, and a little boat. At the draper's she spent four pennies on tape, needles, and safety-pins. Then three more pennies went on sweets, and two on a huge bunch of watercress from Mr. Jones's stream.

Sally's stall looked really pretty with flowers between the things, and she made the huge bundle of watercress into



Sally was a wise little shopper

twenty-four little ones which she sold for a penny each.

Tape, needles, and safety-pins are useful things that everyone needs; and it is very nice to have a boat or a train, or beads for a ring or a necklace. And everybody seemed to want watercress for tea.

"Sally is a very wise little shopper," said Granny. "She can fetch the china elephant from my room."

"I wish I had been a wise little shopper," said Billy and Daisy and Bobby and Laura.

"It was the bee who taught me to be wise," laughed Sally.

Then and Now



1823. The old kitchen range



1923. The modern gas-stove

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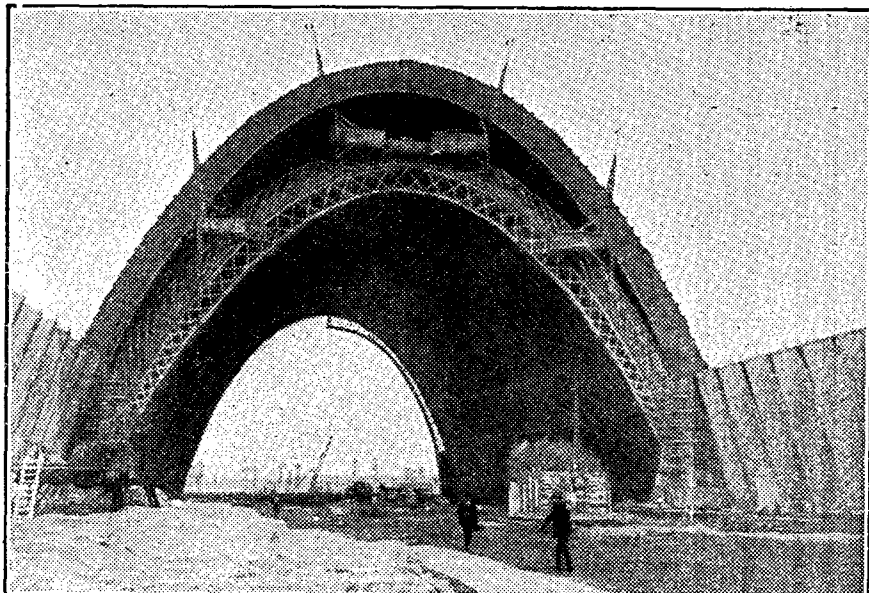
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 13, 1923

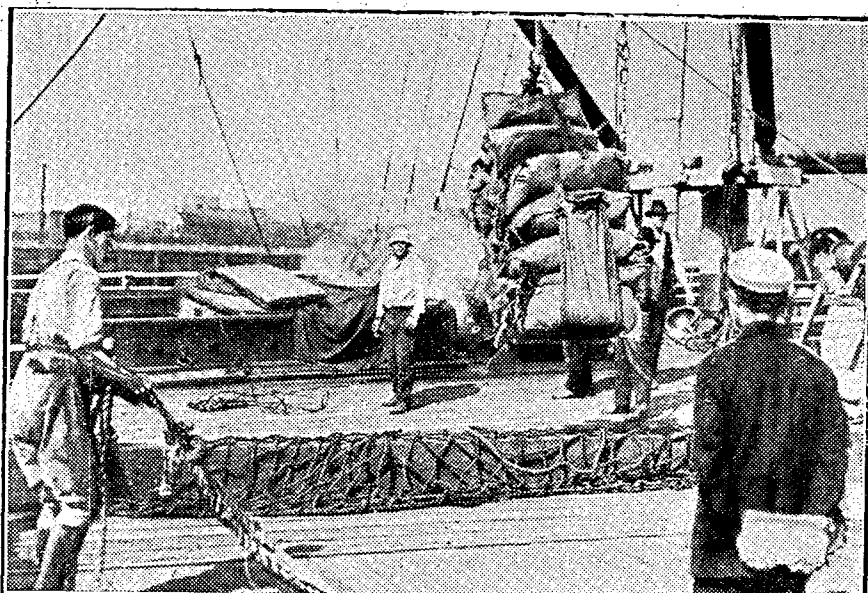
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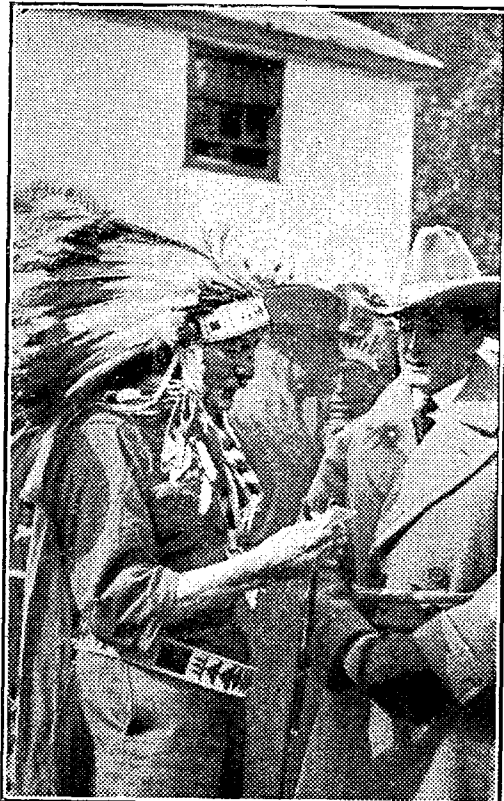
HELP FOR JAPAN • B. P. AS AN INDIAN CHIEF • PHARAOH'S NECKLACE



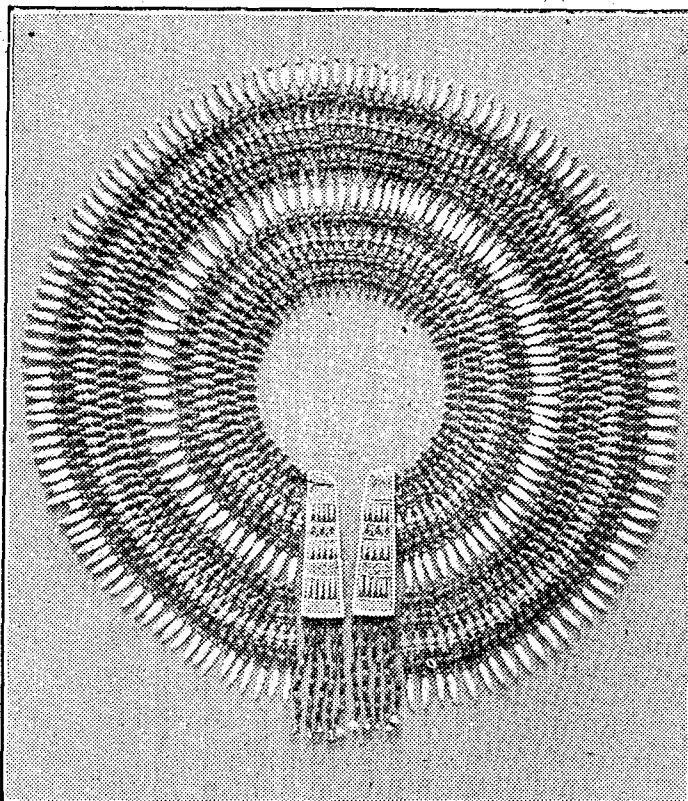
A Giant Airship Shed—This huge shed for the housing of French airships has been erected at d'Orly, and is said to be the biggest in the world. It is 984 feet long and 197 feet high, or more than 50 feet higher than the Nelson column standing in Trafalgar Square, London.



Relief for the Earthquake Victims—America has been very generous in contributing to the fund for relieving the victims of the Japanese earthquake. Over £1,600,000 was subscribed in a few days, and here we see the first relief vessel for Japan loading up with grain at Seattle.



Chief Scout as an Indian Chief—Sir Robert Baden-Powell as he appeared in Red Indian dress at a recent reunion of Scouts at Gilwell Park, which was attended by Indian chiefs on a visit to London.



Tutankhamen's Beautiful Necklace—The beautiful coloured necklace of glazed earthenware found attached to one of the garments in Tutankhamen's tomb. It has been reconstructed to appear exactly as it was when the king wore it. From The Times world copyright photograph.



Choosing Her Club—Golf is becoming more and more popular among boys and girls, and many scholars at public schools are now coached in the game. This little girl is a very enthusiastic player.



Repairing St. Paul's Cathedral—One of the five-ton stone piers being taken into St. Paul's Cathedral, London, to replace some of the stonework that has fallen seriously out of repair.



Safety for Tramcars—A London tramway company is fitting small mirrors at the rear of their electric tramcars so that alighting passengers may easily see oncoming traffic.

ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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